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HEROES AND HEROISM.

BY AYRAULT.

HEROES and heroism! — what thoughts the words suggest! Who are heroes, and what is the nature of this distinctive quality of theirs, this heroism? The superficial observer would answer, 'Are not heroes scattered

'THICK as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa,'

over the pages of history? Does not the word heroism rise involuntarily to our lips as the names of hundreds of the mighty dead ruffle our memories? The common idea of heroism suggests the battle-field, with its brilliant charge, its gallant defence, the rattling whirlwind of shot, the proud neighing of the war-horse, the clangor of the trumpet, calling on brave men to die, and last of all, a sea of human faces, with features stamped by death, gazing fixedly up to heaven, as if in mockery of Him in whose image they were made. Or it may suggest victory personified in the conqueror complacently beholding the dread carnage his ambition has caused; the triumphal shouts of welcome to the wholesale butcher of his fellow-men; the swelling music that hardly drowns the widow's and the orphan's cry of anguish; the choral anthem, pealing through cathedral churches, a pæan of thanksgiving to God for the murder of his children.

But is there no better definition for the hero and his quality than such as must be drawn from scenes like these? Are we to connect the words only with the ghastly types of death upon the battle-field, or with the joy of victory purchased at so fearful an expense? Must the same lines apply to the hero which the English philosopher wrote of Sweden's greatest king:

'He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale'?

Let us not find the hero in him who, when the conflict is over, like Iden, says: 'Sword, I will hallow thee, for this thy deed.'

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The popular idea of the hero is, that he is the bravest among the brave, and that his heroism is the highest effort of courage. There is truth in this definition ; but the world, while theorizing correctly, has made an improper application of the result of its thought.

Heroism as an attribute, or perhaps as a happy combination of attributes, is the loftiest elevation of itself that humanity can contemplate. It has therefore composed the burden of the poet's song ; it has been the theme of the orator ; it has furnished many noble subjects for the speculations of the historian ; and in all ages, and among all nations, to attain the moral elevation it occupies, has been the constant effort of ambition. But until Christianity began to exert its benignant influence in directing the light of reason upon the soul, heroism had been considered the especial attribute of the warrior, and as exhibiting itself only in the conduct of armies, or in the efforts of personal valor upon the battle-field. Christianity taught the world that heroism of the purest character might be evolved in men who had passed their lives in scenes of rural quiet, or in the solemn avocations of thought. It taught the world that self-denial, the abnegation of human pleasures and profits for eternal joys, the fearless avowal of principle when martyrdom was the alternative, that fortitude under persecution, that forgiveness of injuries, that faith amid hostile paganism and infidelities, that the propagation of truth in the face of regnant error, were the best indications of heroism of which man's moral nature was capable. But the lesson has been poorly learned by the world. Men love to adhere to old impressions, and the rather if they coincide with their own acquired prejudices. Thus it is that while conquering generals have received almost the honors of apotheosis, the zealous laborer in a more peaceful cause, whose exertions have perhaps diffused a moral blessing among his fellows, remains unnoticed, dies uncared for, and is forgotten with the falling leaf. Impressed with this idea, Gray wrote in his immortal poem the lines :

'Some village HAMPDEN that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious MILTON here may rest,
Some CROMWELL, guiltless of his country's blood.'

If, then, heroism is the result of a combination of the noblest faculties of the mind, how can the view an enlightened reason takes of it accord with the popular one, that the hero, he whose nobility of character, courage, fearless activity, and tenderness of soul should be cherished in our warmest affection, owes his elevation to mere physical prowess, to the fact of a certain nervous organism, which enables him to glance unterrified at the gaping battery, the serried lines of bristling steel, or the dread evidence of carnage ? Is there nothing higher or nobler than mere strength or nerve in the hero's composition ?

The popular idea of heroism is at variance, too, not only with Christianity and reason, but with natural laws. The great principles that underlie them are perpetuation and development. The physical and mental constitution of the world and its inhabitants is based upon these two principles. The least disturbance of either evolves an abnormal condition utterly repugnant to nature. Destruction is antagonistic

to these two principles, and it brings in its train evils and miseries. But the popular idea of heroism is consonant with the principle of destruction. The hero is considered most heroic when wading in seas of blood, spilled to gratify an insatiable ambition. Heroism has taken its rank among the God-like qualities of human nature, while rising from the feast of death, stained and bloody, its eye flashing with the scorn of victory, its hands trembling from the work of death they had been called to do. And yet popular enthusiasm, excited by an effluence of the vilest passions, has apotheosized the hero.

The favorite idea of heroism is opposed also to the proprieties, the sociabilities of life. We know that in the main they are correct; that the world will not for ages sanction and approve that which directly conflicts with the cultivation of man's better nature. The Abbé de Bellegarde says: 'Mankind are formed to live together; the best science, then, is that which teaches us to live.' But the science of living teaches to prolong life, to render its earthly home happy; to fill up its span with the jubilant emotions of peace and good-will. It does something more: it teaches men their relative duties, and that from the proper exercise of these, grows that full measure of satisfaction which soothes the dying hour, and calms the troubled breast.

How does the popular ideal of heroism accord with this truth?

In our examination of heroes and heroism, we must not forget the poetic delineations of the man and the quality which the epic poems of each age have afforded.

The noblest attributes of humanity have ever attracted the fervor of the poet. His delineations of them contain the truest and most beautiful embodiments of their abstract character. Let us then glance at the portraiture of the hero by the masters of song in their respective ages.

First among the poets is Homer, whose verse, fresh as the primal morning, is above all eulogy. His conceptions have served as the sources from which poets of all succeeding ages have enriched their imaginative powers. He is the father of the epic. We look back into antiquity in vain for his origin, for some scant gleaming of his life and story, but we find only vague tradition, only reverence for his name, and an apotheosis for his genius.

A thoroughly original mind furnishes aliment for the conceptions of countless ages, and so it was with Homer's. His delineation of the hero has been adopted by the later ethnic poets, and by those also of the mediæval age, with such change alone as befits the social condition of the time.

The hero of the Homeric age is a purely ideal creation. He combines the highest attributes of mind with perfect symmetry of form and beauty of countenance. He converses with the gods, is the object of their warmest love or most bitter hatred; he is an impersonation of intellect, of beauty, and of strength. And yet the hero of the Homeric age, although an abstract of the great human qualities, excites not our love or veneration. In the hexameter of the poet, he walks past us a cold and stern impersonation of mental strength or physical prowess. Our blood bounds through its arteries as we see him towering in the

battle, and raining on either side his fatal blows. We admire his noble person, as, clothed in rich garments, and redolent with perfumed oils, it approaches the altar to propitiate the gods. We are fascinated with his eloquence in the council-chamber, as he discourses of the war, as he pictures the battle and its varying fortune, as he asks the chieftains about him to sustain his efforts. But with all this, we feel as if his composition was deficient in some essential requisite.

There is an absence of that sentiment which so powerfully impressed the hero of the mediæval age. It appears to us impossible that his pagan faith, to us so bare of spirituality, so wanting in the power to move strongly the emotions, should have awakened his exertions.

The hero of Homer is vastly superior to that of Virgil. The poet, living in the Augustan age, with the history of a glorious republic to afford him worthy exemplars of heroism, cannot depict for us a character like that of Achilles and Hector. Æneas possesses, to be sure, many of the higher moral qualifications of the hero, for he is a model of filial love and tenderness; he is patient, and endures manfully great suffering, in the conduct of his people, to a place of final settlement. But then he lacks in those qualities which placed Hector and Achilles on a par with the Olympian deities. He has not that lofty splendor of purpose and character which, abstracted from all sense of danger, from all feeling toward human misery and woe, moves into the conflict, and there acts its part, towering mightily above all where the blows fall heaviest, the din of arms sounds loudest, the shrieks of the dying are most piteous, and the dust of battle enshrouds every thing with a funereal pall.

As we descend toward modern times, the difference between the heroic epics and those of the middle ages is still more apparent. The Godfrey and Rinaldo of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,' are inferior to the Æneas. Perhaps another reason may be given for our lack of appreciation than the inferiority of the poet's genius. We regard the Homeric epoch as almost fabulous. We are so far removed from it by time, that our sympathies do not extend to the labors of the warrior or the sufferings of the vanquished. We regard them as wonderful beings; care not how many Trojans or Greeks were killed in a battle; care not for the blood-stains on the souls of the warriors; but read of their exploits merely to enjoy the sublime poetry of the author, or to admire the exquisite taste with which his machinery is introduced and managed.

In the 'Jerusalem Delivered' of Tasso, the bard sings of men who fought for our holy religion on the ground sanctified by the life of the REDEEMER. The religion of Tasso's heroes has for its principles peace, charity, and good-will. They were struggling to wrest from the Moslem the sepulchre of HIM whose life was one long reproach against strife and bloodshed. Yet the poet carries them through seas of blood to the attainment of their object. He sings a *laus deo* for every pagan that falls beneath Rinaldo's arm. He makes the shrieks of anguish that rent the air when Godfrey sacked Jerusalem, the hecatombs of slaughtered Moslems that strewed the streets and temples of the holy city, the ruined families, the desolated hearth-stones, grateful sacrifices

to divinity. Look for a moment at Achilles revenging the death of his friend Patroclus. The religion of the Homeric hero inculcated no doctrine of mercy. Life for life was the stern principle of the ethnic age. Achilles slaughters twelve captives to appease the 'manes' of his friend; he kills young Lycaon imploring mercy; he revels in slaughter, and desists only when the last object of his wrath is dead.

Are not the two heroes, Achilles and Rinaldo, actuated by the same motives, insatiable lust of slaughter, and love of conquest?

Leaving the portraiture of the hero by the great epic poets, and entering the age of chivalry, what do we find the knights to be? Novelists and poetasters sometimes deplore the decay of chivalry, and sigh for the return of those glorious times when gentlemen rode and fought at tournaments, and ladies applauded their horsemanship and daring; when men, arrayed in armor, traversed the country in search of adventures, or protected lovely damsels flying from cruel uncles, amorous giants, or mischievous dwarfs, or had way-side encounters with other knights-errant, bound upon equally foolish missions.

Thank heaven, that age has decayed, and can never return. Its character is a good theme for romance, but bears examination poorly. Study Sir John Froissart — unctuous-tongued and courtly old Friar John — a knight by courtesy for his good story-telling, find his pages the mirror in which knighthood is most admirably, although with partiality, depicted, and it must be manifest that if the knight is such as he is there represented — and Sir John has placed him in his best attitude — he is not worthy of imitation, but is a combination of distorted qualities, flashy and brave, but with queer notions of honesty and honor. Chivalry in some respects exacted the strictest punctilio from its devotees, but then its maxims encouraged hair-brained exploits the bravest modern soldier would ridicule as only fit for mad-men. Love was the main-spring of the knight's daring; but then that heroism of the middle ages, which considered death the only arbiter between opposing claims for the hand of beauty, was poorly instructed as to the correct distinction between *meum* and *teum*, and the knight who set lance in rest for the charge, with the token of his lady-love fluttering from his crest, and her name on his lips, while he invoked the Virgin Mother's divine assistance, would, with his retainers, fire his neighbor's castle, or plunder it and massacre its inmates, or drive away to his own fortified inclosures the cattle of some poor shepherd, as they grazed upon the hill-side. The knight despised all peaceful occupation; he was not a producer, for he neither tilled the soil, nor engaged in manufacture, mechanism, or commerce. He invariably sacrificed the useful to the brilliant. A dashing sortie, prowess in the field or in the lists, were the only feats of manhood worth recording.

Was the popular ideal of heroism in that age correct? The practical good sense of the present world says no; therefore let us attempt to discover what is the heroism of our day, what is its type, and what its proper objects.

Heroism is still the noblest exertion of courage. But has its popular standard been elevated, or is it still the possession of that quantum of nerve which enables a man to confront, without quailing, physical danger?

Action still burns and frets away the corporeal part ; the arm is still sinewy ; the eye is clear ; the voice is ringing ; the mere man is now as he has been in each and every cycle of his existence. Have any brighter examples of fortitude accrued in one age than another ? The cross or amphitheatre of the Roman time exhibit no more glorious evidence of power than the stake or fagot of Smithfield. The sacred Theban band at Chæronia fell not more nobly than the devoted squares of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

We, however, are aware that at present, in the estimation of the world, the mere exercise of brute courage, the pursuit of arms alone, is not the chief or best occupation of humanity. But the world, with a blind inconsistency, while assigning to the soldier an inferior position in social importance, has retained for his deeds alone the title of heroic, and for his character the appellation heroism.

Now, this is wrong. Heroism is too general a quality to be confined to one class of men, and the soldier moves in too contracted a sphere to work in all those avocations wherein a man may become a hero.

We come, then, to our definition of heroism ; that it is the giant exertion of will, by which any political, moral, or social condition of mankind is elevated !

Courage may be defined as the ability to face and overcome obstacles. Any obstacle which interposes itself between a present condition and safety is dangerous ; and that power which removes it is courage. So danger may be either physical, moral, or social, and the high effort of courage which removes it is none the less heroic because its object was obtained, its purpose accomplished without the exertion of brute strength. Thus the true hero may be he who has battled with prejudice and error in the establishment of truth, may be he who has labored for the intellectual and social advance of his race by instruction, by invention, by good example. We may therefore look for the quality in men of all conditions and circumstances of life, whose souls, like old Nestor's,

‘FIRED with the thirst that virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds,’

give lustre to a life humble, perhaps, in its object of action, but moving none the less with dignity and truth.

The type after which the true hero of the present age is modelled, and to which all men who would be heroes must look as an example, whether they be soldiers or philosophers, humble ministers of religion, or patient reformers of social life, is the embodiment of the great Christian principles, faith, hope, and charity. No man can be a true worker in any good cause who is not at heart a pure and good man. We call the Homeric warriors and mediæval knights heroes because their characters and their actions exactly filled the rude, pagan, or half-Christianized minds of their respective ages with the idea of true greatness.

But they deserved not the title, for they were mere fighters, men in whom the promptings of the will found scope for its energy only in the battle.

In our age, with truth as the test, with men seeing by the light of reason, and reading with hearts cultivated in the school of a proper faith, the ideal of heroism is essentially changed. We cannot consistently look for the quality in those who violate cardinal laws. We should not extol those who display in any cause only those attributes which belong to the brute, as well as to the man. We are to find our hero in him who reverently attempts to approximate to the fleshly character and life of the world's greatest hero, *HE* who took upon himself the sins of the world, and saved mankind by a death on Calvary, more than eighteen centuries ago.

THE MAN OF MANY SORROWS is the type of heroism !

The moral qualities, then — using the word moral in its largest sense — enter into the composition of the hero. But the conclusion must not be drawn that there were no men of this stamp in the old time, in the ages before Christianity had generally dispelled the darkness of paganism. Socrates was a hero of the loftiest character, and so was Plato, and so were the many good men who died the victims of Greek or Roman prejudice, or fighting on the battle-field for principles the world now honors and obeys.

Let any one read the speech of Socrates, preserved in the immortal 'Confession,' by his pupil Plato, and say whether the man who, born and educated a pagan, could utter such thoughts as he did on the memorable occasion of his condemnation to a shameful death, through perjured accusers, was not imbued with the true principles of heroism ; did not typify and foreshadow in that event the after-course and final triumph of correct philosophy.

These same great moral qualities which have been developed in every age, are in the present encouraged by all the social laws and prescriptions of humanity. No one can rebel against them without striking at all that is good in government, holy in religion, and pure in social intercourse.

We look back from the present to the past, upon the years that have rolled into cycles of time, and gain, by so doing, great hope for the future. We see that the popular ideal of all things has changed, and that the change has been for the better. In those past years we have seen men driven to the observance of one faith by dogmatic formulas ; we have seen murder stalk at noon-day, legalized in its effort to silence truth ; we have seen men cling with blind veneration to absurd theories in science, and condemn as heretics or infidels those who differed with them ; we have seen the world acknowledge the despotic right of the few to rule the many ; and we also have seen their opinions and conditions pass into history. We have seen the hero in him whose distinguishing quality was nerve or brute courage, and have beheld his apotheosis for deeds which should brand him with the stain of cruelty. We have seen the hero in the mere soldier, but now find him in other and more noble characters. The popular ideal of the hero has also changed. But it would not be proper to draw from these remarks the inference that heroism is now inconsistent with the soldier's character. That were unjust. War can be righteous. The cause sometimes sanctions the terrible evils that flow from the means it employs to obtain its end.

A nation may be called upon to defend certain principles, or to witness its own extinction. Such a condition calls for the noblest exertions of patriotism. It is then that the soldier is the hero, because he fights for country, home, altar, the sacred national memories that cluster around his heart ; for all that is grand in the history of his sires ; for all that is good in the present of his land ; for all that is beautiful in the life of his people. The soldier, fighting for these objects, will never disgrace his cause. It is a memorable fact in history that the most lenient conquerors, the most humane soldiers have been those fighting for the right. In a good cause, when the common justice of humanity bids the sword sleep no longer in the scabbard, the man of arms may evince the true heroism of the age. He may conquer only to establish the principles in contest ; not for extended territory, or other national aggrandizement, and in so doing, show that war is an expedient to be employed at the last moment, and then mercifully.

As there are degrees of comparison between all objects and qualities, qualities of goodness and greatness between all men, there may be types of heroism less advanced toward the ultimate standard of perfection than others. There are degrees of heroism. Thus all men who work cheerfully for the common good belong to some one of these degrees. He who produces the largest effects in the widest circle, stands highest in the scale. But every one can discharge some heroic function ; for he who lifts his finger willingly to benefit mankind, acts upon the chief principle of Christianity, and in so doing, is a hero.

And why should not the hero ideal of the nineteenth century be thus composed of a perfect unison of the great moral and mental qualities ? Should it not typify a character broad and comprehensive in outline, catholic in sentiments of good-will, cheerful in action, negating the lust of ambition, working for principle at all times, stretching forth an arm to save as well as to conquer, and thoroughly imbued with the cardinal maxims of our holy faith. How can it be otherwise, unless the nineteenth century gives the lie to the moral results of that progress which is moving it toward eternity ?

We have lived in this age to learn that the standards of human qualities have been elevated, and that the mutations of time are constantly eliminating from them whatever is not consonant with progress. The Golden Age and the Iron Age of the classical poets is past ; the age of the circumscription of knowledge is past ; the age of barbarous usages and superstitions is past ; the age of chivalry lives only in romance ; the age of individual greatness is past ; and we are living in the age of the PEOPLE, of the MANY, in the age of national progress, of universal disenfranchisement, Christianization, and education.

The earnest workers of the day may be led off from the true object of their pursuits into some one of the thousand paths that diverge from truth to error. They are knights-errant in political, scientific, or moral crusades ; visions of glory may dazzle their sight, and obscure for a moment the true path ; but sooner or later, reason will pour upon the troubled way her clear and benignant light, and truth, with her magnetic force, will bring the wanderers once more within the pale of common-sense. Then the experience of age will dispel the illusions of

youth, and, like Don Quixote, our honest adventurers will turn up right in the end. The heroism of the age is not to be permanently turned from the straight path of good and honorable enterprise by any falsity which may be obtruded across its progress. It is pushing onward with the word of the time, *excelsior*, as its motto.

Heroism in the nineteenth century has assumed a type of things grander and more beautiful to come. It is rolling back the waves of ignorance to their source. It finds ample room for the exercise of its prowess in the pursuits of science and of song, in the elevation of human propensities, and in the propagation of those words of truest import the *WORLD'S GREATEST HERO* uttered eighteen centuries ago.

The hero is no longer a mere child of the battle-field, most glorious where physical dangers crowd thickest, but he is the calm, pale man of thought, the philanthropist, the political reformer, the disciple of the cross laboring in heathendom.

Circumstances have obliterated the distinctive features of the mediæval soldier, but the spirit of competition and adventure finds its champion in the man of science, aiming at his foe a formula which proves as fatal as the steel-headed lance, in the minister of religion combating error with truth, and in the undaunted social philosopher dealing at old abuses right-handed blows.

Heroism is unselfish and intelligent, while mere courage may be vicious and ignorant. The battle-field has developed some of the truest men the world has seen, but it has been fatally prolific of perverted genius. The hero forgets the glory of battle when the strife is over, and is a hero because he attempts to obliterate its effects.

We are yet to behold that combination of the choicest qualities of our workers, poets, students, and soldiers, which, inspired with the essence of truth and justice, shall constitute the perfect *HERO*.

L I N E S .

I LOVE thee as the hunted hind
 Thirsts for the water-brook,
 When far across the desert-sands
 She turns a weary look.
 Sometimes unto her straining eye
 There seemeth to appear
 A distant lake and palm-girt shore;
 But as she draweth near,
 The waters vanish in the sky,
 The palms no more are seen.
 She knows it was a vision, yet
 Her falling strength has been
 Out-worn upon the desert bare:
 What wonder if she dieth there!

Baltimore, April, 1855.

SIGMA.

M Y O L D G U I T A R :

BY L. L. WYVERN.

I.

ANOTHER may tell of the music
That lurks in the summer breeze,
Of murmuring lay in a flowing rill,
Of the warbling of the trees:
But there is a sweeter music,
A sound that's dearer far,
In the hallowed melodies that break
From thee, my Old Guitar!

II.

They call to mind a mother's smile,
A sister's childish tear,
A father's manly greeting,
And the laugh of brother dear:
Of hope that then was beaming,
Like a beauteous evening star,
When merrily I sang by thee,
My cherished Old Guitar!

III.

Of a fair and modest maiden,
With a bonny eye of blue,
A smile would steal a soul away,
A trusting heart and true:
To whom, in music's whispers,
My joy to make or mar,
A tale of love was told by thee,
My faithful Old Guitar!

IV.

Of bold and jovial spirits,
Who circled round the board,
And quaffed a health to friends they loved,
And maids that they adored:
Whose songs were lays of olden times,
Of love, of wine, of war,
All mellowed by thy silver tones,
My merry Old Guitar.

V.

Thou hast brightened many a passing hour
In manhood's early day,
And many a cherished memory
Is mingled with thy lay;
And faces which across life's path
Have flashed like a shooting star,
Come peeping back through the misty past,
At thy sound, my Old Guitar!

VI.

So once again, sweet warbler,
Thy music let me hear,
And on thy melodies I'll float
Back — back through many a year
To a day and hour long-vanished,
To a time that seemeth far,
To the home so often brightened
With thy song, my Old Guitar!

BOATING DOWN THE ALLEGHANY.

BY J. M. MULLIGAN.

AFTER ten months of steady work, the happy day at length arrived when I was free. I cut 'the shop' incontinently, and put myself 'a-board' the six-o'clock train on the Erie Rail-road with my two companions. One of these was a clerk in a book-store, the other an active youngster of sixteen, who had just 'finished his schooling,' while I was acting the part of 'the school-master abroad.' The clerk sported a pair of moustaches and a goatee; the youngster would have done so, most probably, if he could; and I indemnified myself for a year's shaving by leaving to the intensest freedom every hair on either lip or chin.

We started on Saturday, the first of July, and arrived on Sunday morning at Olean, passed the day like decent Christians, bought a small skiff on Monday morning, purchased provisions, got some tar to put the bottom of our boat in order, and encamped that night on the river-bank beside her.

I forgot to mention that Olean is on the Alleghany, and our chief object was to try how we would like boating down the river. After tarring the boat, my two comrades amused themselves by shooting frogs, and I dissected them.

I had heard Mr. Peale, the naturalist, who is now in the Patent-Office at Washington, say that crocodiles could be killed immediately by severing the spine. As the frog is also a cold-blooded animal, I thought the same might be true of him; but he obstinately refused to die. My error, most probably, was in dividing the spine too low down, instead of just at its junction with the head. The one I examined most particularly had two good-sized stomachs, in one of which I counted thirty-seven little black bugs; the other was filled with the same kind of bugs, but they were partially decomposed. The mass, however, was about equal to that in the first stomach, so that this watery gourmand had 'appropriated' some seventy-five little bugs, each about as large as a full-sized grain of wheat.

Before leaving the town I saw some boys amusing themselves with

diving and swimming. Two of them were negroes, and their resemblance to French bronzes was positively startling. They were standing in front of a bank of light yellow clay, which brought out their dark figures in full relief, while the bright sun-shine, falling directly upon them, gave their shoulders, and their knees, and all other salient points, that dusky golden color which belongs to the finest bronze.

Just before we started, a man came down to the bank to pay us a visit. He picked up a gun, which was securely fastened in its leathern case, and kept turning it round, examining it all over with a face of curious wonder. His mind was evidently 'exercised' about it. As he was a stranger, and consequently of unknown principles, I kept my eye upon him for fear the gun *might go off*. After a while his 'surcharged breast' found vent. Turning to me, he said:

'What's in this leather thing?'

'A gun.'

'How did it get in?'

I relieved his 'burthened bosom' by pointing to the straps at the butt-end. He took the idea, and leaned the gun against a tree with the calm air of a man who has 'found it out.'

Before starting we arranged our several ranks. The youngster was baptized Middy, the clerk, Luff, and I was Captain; so that our boat's 'crew' consisted entirely of officers. The necessity of these '*noms de voyage*' will be readily understood by any one who has been on similar excursions, and has had his name unpleasantly bandied about in village bar-rooms.

'On the morning of the 'glorious Fourth' we embarked, with 'a realizing sense' of independence.

The bright sun-shine, the glancing water, the agreeable motion, and the delightful feeling of freedom, all combined to make us a happy trio as we glided down the stream. It is true that we often missed the channel, and had to step out into the water to push and drag the boat over a shoal; for the river was low, and we knew nothing of its course except what we could gather from the color of the water and the shape of the banks. But what of that? This very uncertainty was delightful, and we dragged the boat into deeper water and tumbled into her again, ready to 'tumble out' whenever there might be need, and enjoying to the utmost each half-hour of rowing, or steering, or lounging in the bow.

Nor was deeper excitement wanting; for often the cry was, 'Swift water ahead!' and every neck was stretched out to find the best channel, and when our little red skiff glided into the very heart of the swift water as it roared among the rocks, and shot along, with many a twist and turn, just escaping many a danger from the sunken rocks that lurked beneath the surface, we would give a wild hurrah, and glide into the smooth water, to resume our tranquil course until another cry of 'Swift water,' should break in upon its peaceful calm.

'How happily the days
Of THALABA went by!'

At our first camping-place, Middy developed a decided talent for mak-

ing omelets, and there was room for its display, as may be judged from the fact that we had a box containing six dozen eggs. But it was some time before he could become accustomed to fried pork, which usually forms the '*pièce de resistance*' on such excursions.

Both he and Luff took quite naturally to 'sleeping out of doors.' In fact, we all enjoyed our *al fresco* mode of life so much that we were in no hurry to get along, lounging away the mornings and camping early in the evening, so that our progress hardly averaged ten miles a day.

The river presented the usual appearance of our northern streams. The banks were scooped out, now on this side, now on that, having the opposite banks usually wooded to the water, except when broken by a clearing, where we could sometimes see the waving tops of the broad-bladed corn. Slabs and other refuse of the saw-mill were scattered here and there along the shore, and the occasional saw-mill itself, perched on the bank, fore-warned us of some dam that our boat must get over or get around as best she could.

It was just before coming to one of these that we saw a fine specimen of 'Young America;' a little youngster of eight or nine years of age, all alone in the middle of the river, on a frail raft, put together no doubt by himself, and consisting merely of four boards picked up along the shore, two above and two below, with two cross-pieces between. A slender fish-spear served as a pole in his little hands, with which he was vigorously pushing himself across. He had a fine square head, a bold, open countenance, and a bright eye. As we bore down upon him, he stood dauntlessly balancing himself upon his little raft, and looked with a face of smiling wonder on our boat, which was pretty well loaded down with our baggage and ourselves. He answered our questions clearly and to the purpose, and we left him with the firm conviction that he would make his way through life quite as well as he did across the river.

We soon entered the Indian Reservation, which extends for forty miles along the river, stretching back for half-a-mile from either bank. These 'Native Americans,' and, I am sorry to say, also, these 'Know-Nothings,' were occasionally met with in those canoes called 'dug-outs,' fish-spear in hand, poling up and down the river, intent upon their dinners. These were not 'the Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale,' but very common-place half-savages, seeking a scaly meal. Parties of squaws and children were also seen from time to time lounging on the bank, or, with bare legs and tucked-up skirts, fishing on a small scale along the shore.

One woman was squatted on a slope, with a youngster niched between her knees, and an old dark-colored cloth drawn over her head, in the burning, broiling sun, with nothing but pebble-stones around, which helped to reflect the glaring sun-beams, and add still more to the intense heat. She was a sort of Hagar in a small desert. We could not see that she was watching any thing, and speculated in vain on her and her surroundings. Perhaps she was quite classical, and was simply 'taking the benefit of the sun,' as the old Romans called it, though they took it in a different costume.

The life of these Indians is a very lazy, lounging life, and it is not wonderful that they should take refuge in rum. Out on the prairies there are bears, and wolves, and panthers to keep one's manliness alive, and, high above all, that crowning grace of savage life, the 'fierce joy of the fight.' But here there is, thank HEAVEN, no war-path for their feet to tread, and their hands still stubbornly refuse to build up empires or engage in peaceful conquests. They are girdled trees, that stand there with a little cultivation round them, but they shall soon fall one by one to make room for the white man's plough. They have no aim, no object; as they catch their dinners so they eat them, and their listless lives are 'rounded with a little sleep.'

I was very much obliged to two of them, however, for coming into a landscape at the right moment, and in a very picturesque guise. We had encamped upon a high bank. On the opposite shore the foliage rose in an unbroken slope from the water to the summit of the low mountain ridge, with a sprinkling of sober and stately pines above, but below mostly hard-wood trees, swaying to-and-fro their waving branches in all the joyousness of June. It was just at the witching time for scenery. The slant beams of the setting sun fell on the broad river, which shone, or shimmered, or glanced, as the light fell upon quiet or unquiet water. Just at this moment there glided into the midst of the scene two canoes joined together by a platform of boards piled up with hay. One Indian, in dingy white shirt and faded blue trowsers, stood in the stern guiding the craft with his long fish-spear. The other stood in front, with nothing on but a faded calico shirt, his fish-spear held in both hands, and making a straight line just above his knees, which were slightly bent, so as to have every muscle ready for a spring; perfectly quiet, but ready for instant action. I forgot to mention that they neither of them wore hats; they doubtless scorned so artificial a contrivance.

The graceful curve of the canoes, with their wild and not ungraceful owners, the glory of the sun-set, and of the waving foliage, the broad mirror of the water, and the 'witching influence' of the hour long held us captive in admiration on the bank.

But when night had settled down upon the stream, when our tent was pitched, our fire made, and supper cooked, we forgot all about fine scenery in the absorbing duties of eating, and slapping mosquitoes. As the darkness increased so did the mosquitoes, until we came to the conclusion that we had stumbled upon the capital of the 'Mosquito King,' and that he had called out his legions

'THICK as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallambrosa,'

to avenge the insult. We were soon roused to most intense vitality; every energy of mind and body concentrated on insect-murder. We were decidedly in a hurry, slapping, twisting, and squirming in all directions. It was necessary to be everywhere all at once. Our palms were made to flourish vigorously, but these were no palmy times for us; the hand no sooner came down in one place than there was a pressing call for it in half-a-dozen others. Our clothes were no defence against

such a foe. Their long bills, so impertinently presented, pierced through every thing. It was like an ancient English battle, when the cry was, 'Bills and Bows,' and in this case the *bills* penetrated the *beaux* very decidedly.

'Front, flank, and rear the squadrons swept,'

and we had to meet them. There was an earnest air of 'business' on each face, which would have been amusing to an 'outside barbarian,' could such have been looking on while we of this celestial empire were struggling with our joys. As for me, I wrapped myself up in blanket and great-coat, covering my head entirely, except a small breathing-hole, and so bade them defiance. Luff and Middy, however, in the short lulls of this tempest of tribulation, seriously discussed the project of reëmbarking, and seeking some less lively shore, until at length, about one o'clock in the morning, a cool breeze came up, which carried away our tormentors, and left us 'to sink in soft repose.'

The next morning we slept late, and did not start before eleven o'clock, and the day passed without the occurrence of any thing remarkable. The day after, however, brought a grand catastrophe.

About one o'clock we came to a long island, and unfortunately took the wrong channel, going to the right instead of the left. The water was running swiftly down a slope, hurrying us along; and as the stream changed its course we saw a tree some fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter stretching across, with its under-side about eight or ten inches above the water, its top dipping into the channel and leaving just room enough for us to get round it.

Luff was in the stern, Middy at the oars, and myself at the bow. As we got to the tree I put my hand on it to shove off, but the force of the water brought her stern around immediately, and jammed the boat broad-side up against the tree. Luff was knocked over-board by a projecting branch, which struck him on the head, while Middy and I were hurried under the tree with the water-logged boat, there being just room enough for our heads to clear the trunk. There was not more than six feet of water in the deepest part, and, as we could all swim, there was no danger. The first thing to be done was to push the boat, heavy with her freight of water, to the shore; and the next was to chase our baggage, some pieces of which had gone at once to the bottom; others, like shrewd politicians, were going with the current, and spinning merrily down the stream. Middy staid by the boat, Luff was picking up stray articles, and I started to head off the more vivacious baggage. Running in the water is heavy work, but I soon got beyond the bushes, to a stretch of clear shore, and so gained on the 'confounded things.' Wading into the water up to my neck, I braced myself against the current and caught them as they came on. Our water-proof carpet-bags were enveloped in our camp-blankets, (of Canton-flannel inside and India-rubber outside,) and the confined air floated them in spite of their weight.

We saved nearly every thing, but every thing was wet; and after bailing out the boat, and drying our shirts and pants, which the hot sun soon did for us, we passed the next swift water and encamped, though

it was early in the afternoon, upon a pebbly shore, where we spread our 'plunder' out to dry.

The draughts they had taken had certainly considerable effect upon some articles of our baggage. A pair of green gloves had become decidedly diffusive in their cups and had 'crooked off' very generously to whatever was in contact with them, as though they wished all things to look upon the world with the same hopeful coloring as themselves; my companions' segars, in place of being puffed by them, had been puffed up by the river-god, and were therefore condemned to be cast again into his realms, that he might at his leisure finish what he had begun; but, most important and most horrifying of all, our sulphur matches, on which we depended for a fire to cook our 'vitals,' had also proved themselves 'old soakers,' and no hard rubs could rouse them from their death-like stupor. Here was a fix emphatically. When camping out, a man can get along with the want of any thing except food and fire. No labored argument is needed to prove the necessity of food, and as for fire, it answers for both company and clothes. A naked savage, with his stomach full of food, stretched out before a fire, has all his animal wants supplied; but if you take away either the one thing or the other, in this climate at least, you stop the very fountains of his life, and dry up the marrow of his bones.

While we were thus reflecting profoundly on our need of the Promethean spark, Middy suddenly exclaimed, 'Where's your spy-glass?' and the same thought thrilled through us all in a moment. The telescope was quickly taken from the towel where it was lying quietly enwrapped, for its case of blue paste-board had also taken 'a drop too much,' and been 'discharged the service,' and in prayerful attitude we knelt around, one of the party holding in his hand a little lens, that with its silent supplication it might woo the proud Hyperion to give us of his golden glory some small Promethean flame, feeling much more easy in our minds as the little flame vouchsafed us licked up with its pointed tongues the leaves and twigs we heaped up for its food. Our clothes had all dried thoroughly on the sunny shore; we cleared a space among the bushes under a tree for our camp, pitched the tent upon a slope, got together wood enough to feed our fire all night, prepared and ate our supper, and then, wrapped up in our blankets, with our heels turned to the pleasant flame, forgot our toils and troubles in what the French call 'the sleep of the just man' — *le sommeil du juste*.

The next day was Saturday, and in consequence of our usual easy lounging, it was late in the morning before we had packed up and started.

By way of variety we stopped to dine at a place called Cold Spring. The bar-room was full of men who were 'nooning,' and all were much amused at our upset, beside giving us any quantity of excellent advice 'after the steed was stolen.'

Late in the afternoon we stopped to lunch on bread and butter and sweetmeats under a noble butter-nut tree, with a convenient log lying against its trunk. Some Indians, returning from field-work, became our guests successively, until we had a group of seven about us. Among them was quite a good-looking young squaw, who wore a large 'flat' to save her

complexion, and had on a dress of yellow calico, the skirt of which, being open in front, and about a foot shorter than the petticoat, gave quite a gay and jaunty appearance to her comfortable-looking person, which, with her smooth round cheeks, bore very pleasant testimony to the fatness of the land.

Their conversation, as is usual on such occasions, was '*nil*;' for an Indian among strangers appears to be thoroughly convinced that 'in a multitude of words there is folly.'

A grunting salutation as we accosted them, a few words squeezed out of them by the necessity of answering our questions, and a silent nod at parting, marked these few, as they have almost always marked the race.

Not long after we passed a beautiful island. How singular is that feeling that beauty causes, when

'THE changing cheek, the sinking heart confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness!'

Here we were, three tolerably tough fellows, 'roughing it' down a river; yet an insignificant island, with its bending trees, its bowery bushes, and its narrow edging of brownish-red sand lipped by the restless wavelets, softened us into silence broken only by an admiring murmur. The oars moved more slowly, and our skiff sped not so swiftly down upon the shining bosom of the stream. We lingered and admired, and, as it disappeared, although our thoughts did not shape themselves into words, each heart seemed softly singing

'Isle of beauty, fare thee well!'

But our romance was soon washed out of us, for it came on to rain. We did not care to 'camp,' and so sat still and took it.

It requires some little philosophy to sit still and be rained on, but with us there was a greater aggravation; for the boat would run on shoals, and we had to leave our nice dry seats, stalk about in water mid-leg deep, push and pull with desperate energy, grinding the boat's bottom all to pieces, and, as we got again into a channel, tumble into the boat and sit down on the wet thwarts and baggage as philosophically as possible, to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm. In the midst of it we came to a dam, and an ugly one it was to get over. We stood for some time upon the edge, consulting together like the storm-beaten figures one sometimes sees in a Dutch painting of a tempest, but were finally forced to take out all our baggage and lift the boat over. We then put in again our 'fixings,' stretched well over to the left bank, threading our way through a wide expanse of foaming water, to find the channel, and thus proceeded on our liquid way. All this, to the unaccustomed cit, is no doubt horribly suggestive of rheumatisms, coughs, and colds, consumptions, and catarrhs. But you forget, dear brother cit, that the fresh air gave good, red, healthy blood to the lungs, and, together with the constant exercise, generated an amount of animal heat that could bid defiance to any reasonable quantity of cold and damp. Beside, (let me whisper in your ear,) it can be proved by statistics that the inhabitants of all our large cities would die out were it not for fresh importa-

tions from the country, a very convincing testimony that your dirty streets, and the foul air you breathe habitually, are far more destructive to life than occasional wet feet and a soaking rain, when joined to free air and almost constant motion.

It needed, however, but a word, if any of us had felt chilly, to turn the boat ashore and build up a roaring fire that would have thawed an Esquimaux ; for we had procured a fresh supply of matches at Cold Spring, and could thus once more bid defiance both to wind and weather. But we did not need to do so, for the rain stopped after a while, and the warm, bright afternoon sun came forth to dry us and our boat most thoroughly, and cheer us with his genial rays. He is a glorious old fellow, that same sun, and one can hardly wonder that the Fire-Worshippers should have shown him so much honor ; for they believed him to be the seat of God's glory, where, in unclouded majesty, He sits upon his shining throne, while myriads of bright angels crowd around in awe, to gaze on Him with gladness, and breathe in celestial contentment from His smile.

With a slow golden glory he sank down to his setting, and his last lingering beams still left us on the river ; for the majority had decided to push on to Corydon.

Boating down an unknown river after dark is rather a peculiar pleasure. Now you pass by cleared banks, where you can see your way tolerably well, and anon you come to wooded shores, throwing such darkness on the stream that you glide into the deepest gloom, and the steersman has to divine his way by intuition. No sounds are heard save the light splash of the oar-blade in the water, or the wind among the tree-tops, or occasionally a frightened frog plumping into the water. Silence and mystery brood on all things around ; no unnecessary words are spoken, and all eyes are straining through the darkness to see what turn the river takes, and where the rocks and snags are that might swamp our skiff, and treat us to a cold bath in the dark, that would prove much more embarrassing than pleasant. Thus, in alternate gloom and star-light, we sped upon our way, listening to the distant baying of the watch-dog, or the near gurgling of the stream, and hugging the left bank that we might not over-run our long-sought Corydon, for whose lights we kept a sharp look-out. At length, between nine and ten o'clock, we reached it, having most miraculously escaped going over a large dam just in front of the town.

Our baggage was soon carried up the bank, for we had popped, by great good luck, upon the very hotel we sought, this little place rejoicing in two of them.

We found the landlord, a stout man, in his shirt-sleeves, asleep on a chair tilted back against the side of the room. His heels were drawn up on the front bar ; his head, reclining against the wall, went sliding, sliding down, until the weight of his large head and shoulders acting on his body as a lever, brought such a strain upon his waist as partially to waken him, when, without opening his eyes, he heaved himself heavily up, once more to re-commence his illustration of the sliding scale, or, as from the successive jerks it might be called, his ' *cadenza staccata*.' This, too, was going on in spite of all the noises around ; for the house

was full of 'Templars,' a sort of Odd-Fellow association, composed of both men and women, of which I had never before heard. Our baggage was stowed away, supper was ordered, and at length we sat down to enjoy it with the keen zest that comes from such a life. Two young women were seated at one end of the supper-room, and, on inquiry, I found that they had only got to the first degree of Templarism, and were, therefore, not allowed to stay up-stairs with the rest.

Two bed-rooms were assigned us; Luff and Middy shared one, and I took the other. They were *two*, however, much more in name than in reality; for the house was new, and the upper rooms, though lathed, were not yet plastered, so that it made no great difference in which room you spoke, you were tolerably sure of being heard all over. We did not know that this was the case with the other rooms, and so kept cracking jokes until about two o'clock in the morning.

As there was no church to Christianize us, we read or lounged about all day Sunday, indulging occasionally in a dish of conversation with those about us.

The name of the place had from the first attracted my attention. It was so perfectly pastoral, Arcadian, and poetical, that I could not help thinking the sponsors of the place must have been poetasters, or must have stumbled over it in some curious way, or that they were readers of glorious John Milton, and had been present in spirit

'WHERE CORYDON and THYRSIS met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed PHYLIS dresses.'

I asked my host in the morning who had the naming of the village, and why it was called Corydon.

'Well, I named it, I guess, more'n any body else.'

'Where did you get the name? Did you find it in a book of poetry?'

'Well, no; I don't rightly remember now much about it. But 't aint so uncommon a name nuther; there's two or three Corydons in the State, and I thought the name wa' n't bad. 'T any rate, thought it might do as well as any thin' else.'

The family consisted of Mrs. C——, a very motherly woman; a young married daughter, home with her husband on a visit; Bolivar, who was one of those good-hearted young men who are constantly smiling; his younger brother, Curtis, a restless country-boy; and his sister Cynthia, a little damsel of some twelve years of age, whose heart I won by going to the 'store' and buying her a well-timed present of candy.

The lion of the place, however, was, very decidedly, the father-in-law of our host, old Philip Tome, the hunter, of whom I propose to speak more at length hereafter. He had a tame bear of large size, which he exhibited to us, and, as I was 'pumping' him, I was amused at Middy's astonishment at hearing the old hunter speak of shooting 'painters.' He was evidently unused to artists being thus summarily disposed of. Mr. Tome had published a book about his hunting adventures, which he peddled about the country in a wagon, accompanied by his bear. He asked us if we thought he could sell any in New-York. We advised

him by all means to make our city a visit, and to station himself in Wall-street, where he would find another breed of bears, less shaggy and more *urbane*, but still a race of grizzly grumblers, who growl over the stocks they feed on, and who would be bound by all the laws of 'kith and kin' to do the honors of the city to their brother bruin.

We prolonged our stay in Corydon until Tuesday morning, got down to Kenzua Island by night, shooting a water-snake by the way, and toward evening of the next day shot four wild-ducks just above the town of Warren. They were so expert at dodging, however, even when wounded, that we only secured two of them, and soon 'came to' at Warren with our prizes. Here we feasted on our ducks, and concluded to leave the river, thus sinking at once to the level of ordinary travelers. And so ended our boating down the Alleghany.

THE FUTURE'S CURTAIN.

I.

SADLY, slowly by me pass
Phantom forms in ghostly train,
Fixing ever, as they pass,
Their despairing eyes on mine;
And they point, with gestures grim,
To the dark and fearful curtain
That behind them floateth down.

II.

But these spectral forms were once
Angel shapes of early love,
And that ghastly curtain once
Glowed in roseate hues above.
But 'tis long since, passing through
That fantastic, glowing curtain,
Where I found that weary burden
That with me now floateth down.

III.

Sadly, slowly, still it waves,
In that ebon darkness flows,
And, as spirits o'er their graves,
With a phosphor glare it glows;
And though from the past I bring
This despairing, weary burden,
With the future I am laden,
Ever still I'm floating down.

C. M.

R O M E .

BY EDWARD R. CAMPBELL.

THE transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is scarcely less evident in the history of the world than in rhetorical figures. For instance: 'The Roman Forum is now a cow-market, the Tarpeian Rock a cabbage-garden, and the Palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk.'

T H E F O R U M .

HO! MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO!
 Rise, in the name of all the gods!
 Ho! hearken! hear the bullocks low!
 Where are the lictors' rods?

Whence you drave *out* a CATALINE
 The Romans drive the cattle *in*.
 TULLIUS, to the Forum bow,
 Hail to the Roman Civic Cow!
 Hail to the beast with mystic horn,
 In Patmos seen, Italia born;
 Whose world-wide eloquence surpasses
 Bulls of Rome, and Roman asses.

T H E T A R P E I A N R O C K .

AND where the geese imperial sate,
 Upon the rock Tarpeian high,
 And hissed and cackled for the state
 Their patriot-colloquy;

Where convicts died, the verdict sought
 By malice, and by bribery bought;
 And whence were myriad victims hurled
 Relentless to the nether world;
 Whence lovers leapt to heal the woe
 Of random shots from CUPID'S bow;
 Where patriot-sons to doom were led,
 Is grown, and *saved*, the cabbage-head.

T H E P A L A C E .

AGAIN: Behold the work sublime,
 Sublime as Ruin's base may be.
 Of papal rule and lapse of time,
 On classic Italy.

The Palace of the CÆSARS falls,
 And yields its place to butchers' stalls;
 And where the flag imperial spread
 Its eagle o'er a CÆSAR'S head;
 Whence to the nations law was given,
 With equal claims as *now* from heaven;
 As wiser grows the world, a rope
 Is manufactured for the POPE.

C H I N E S E L E T T E R S .

NUMBER THREE.

MY DEAR NED : At ten o'clock precisely, on the morning of the day succeeding the Taskar jollification, a 'fast boat,' bound to Canton, glided gently away from our starboard gangway, carrying with it, among other valuables, the writer of this delectable epistle. Now *fast*, in the Canton jargon, does not mean Hudson-River speed, but an easy, respectable jog of six or seven miles to the hour ; so we reached the 'sublime fountain of trade' about mid-day, landing immediately in front of the American Factories. I had scarce placed my foot on shore when my traps, consisting of a valise and hat-box, were eagerly pounced upon by two coolies,* who, despite my remonstrances to the contrary, commenced making off with them at the top of their speed. Following in their wake, I reached the 'Hall of Ceremony' of a princely hotel, kept by a certain Acow, shoulder to shoulder with the valise, and at least ten feet in advance of the hat-box ; so, all being well that ends well, I bestowed upon the obliging luggage-bearers my blessing and a handful of *cash*, † and bade them take themselves off at their earliest convenience, and then calling for the master of the house, I desired to be shown to one of his best apartments. A glance at the chamber into which I was ushered, in obedience to this mandate, had well-nigh determined me to return forthwith to my ocean habitation, but I was diverted from my purpose by Acow's saying, as if in reply to the thoughts which were passing in my mind : 'Although the furniture is poor, and the floor without a carpet, you will find your bed clean, and the *chow-chow* most excellent.' 'Be comforted,' said I to myself ; 'if I sleep and eat well, what more could I desire ?' so ordering the *chow-chow* to be ready at five, I engaged a guide, and betook myself with all diligence to the nearest market-place. Here seated upon a bamboo-coop, 'with fat capons lined,' I commenced my study of the manners and customs of 'ye natives.' In a military point of view, the position which I occupied was unexceptionable. A regiment of grimalkin grays composed my advanced guard, several brigades of rats and mice, and a company or two of some queer-looking animals that I am quite sure are not mentioned in Natural History, were advantageously posted on both flanks, and my rear was well secured by an entire legion of the most invitingly-corpulent dogs that ever gladdened the soul of an Eastern epicure.

The first person who particularly attracted my attention was an itinerant barber, who came trudging along with a stick across his shoulder, to one end of which was attached a stool, and to the other a jar of

* THOSE of the lower orders, as servants, porters, etc.

† Europeans give this name to the copper coin called *Tchen*. They are strung together by hundreds through a hole in the centre.

water, with a sort of furnace slung underneath it. A dirty-faced rag-a-muffin having claimed his good offices, the celestial Figaro, placing the stool on the ground, at a little distance from me, politely bade him be seated, and, after kindling a fire in the furnace to heat the water, seized his tools and vigorously commenced operations. Having cleansed the finger and toe-nails of his customer, in addition to shaving and shampooing his head, * he received in payment a string of *tchen*, and went on his way rejoicing, while rag-a-muffin, stepping up to a butcher, with a brisk air, entered into an animated and seemingly angry discussion with him. Louder and louder grew their voices, until at length the former—who seemed bent upon arriving *in medias res*, that is, getting himself knocked into the middle of the following week—taking a large piece of copper from a bag, hung to his girdle, thrust it immediately under the nose of the latter, with a gesture that clearly expressed his desire that his opponent should ‘smell that.’ Now this did really seem to be coming it a little too strong. It was, in fact, I thought, rather more than weak flesh and blood could bear, (for you and I know, Ned, that copper does not emit as pleasant a perfume as ambergris or *eau de cologne*;) and so the butcher seemed to think too, for with his brawny right hand, drawing from its sheath a straight-bladed knife, about a yard long, with his left he seized by the throat, to my horror and consternation—not his insulter, but the generalissimo of my grimalkins—a majestic-looking, big-whiskered fellow, whose over-coat of gray fur would have excited the admiration of the great Napoleon—and in a trice he had butchered him, and presented his right hind-quarter to rag-a-muffin, (as a peace-offering, I presume,) receiving the base metal in return. This seemed to be the signal for a general attack on the part of the populace, and in an hour from its commencement, not a single one of the gallant army I have enumerated above was left on the field of battle. Many had been slain on the spot—a very few (cowardly Shanghais!) escaped by flight, and the remainder, constituting by far the greater number, were led into captivity—to be at some future day, so said my guide, eaten by their captors, *quelle horreur!* Well might Barrow call these people a ‘nation of ruthless barbarians!’ For more than a minute I sadly pondered in my heart the mutability of all sublunary affairs—especially cats—and then betook myself to the shop of a bird-fancier in ‘Old China-street,’ where I saw a *rara avis*, of the male gender, called ‘choo-woo,’ in size and plumage closely resembling our thrush, perform an exceedingly clever trick with the ‘papes.’† A pack of English cards being handed to me, I picked out the eight of clubs, and showed it to the bird, which eyed it sharply for a few seconds, gave a low whistle, and then turned away his head. I then re-placed the card, and having well shuffled the pack, threw it on the ground, when ‘choo-woo,’ without a moment’s hesitation, seized the eight of clubs in his bill, and carried it off in triumph to his master. I offered the fancier twenty dollars for the little magician, but he refused to part with him. He was exceedingly anxious, however, to sell me an

* The Chinese, having little beard, the principal work for the razor is on the head.

† They did then produce some pieces of pasteboard, curiously spotted, which they called papes. With these they did gamble.—FITCH’S TRAVELS.

owl, which he solemnly assured me had a most melodious voice. * 'He sings, then?' I said, interrogatively. 'Sings! — all the night, all the day he talkee; he too muchee, too muchee sing-song.' Unfortunately, however, for the fellow, I served a campaign in the swamps of Florida, many years ago, and, although nothing of an ornithologist, I do pretend to know something of that very interesting bird called owl; so mentally promising to remember the honest fancier in my prayers, for many nights to come, I took an affectionate leave of him; that infallible time-keeper, my stomach, admonishing me, as I did so, that it was high time to think of retracing my steps to mine inn, to partake of the 'chow-chow,' so much lauded by Acow. On my way thither, I will have a few leisure moments to devote to your enlightenment, which I will make the best possible use of, by giving you a piece of information which I should have imparted to you at an earlier date. It is this: a majority of the Chinese who have dealings with us *outsiders*, speak what is called by them 'pigeon or business English' — a mixture of English and Portuguese. It sounds oddly enough at first, but one soon becomes sufficiently versed in its mysteries to converse readily with shop-keepers, servants, etc. You had a pretty fair sample of it in a former letter, in the discourse of our friend the pilot. I will subjoin a few more specimens of it, with the interpretation thereof, and shall then consider you a graduate in the dialect, and leave you for the future to translate for yourself. Calling to see some ladies at Macao, who have their lodgings on the second floor, I said to their coolie: 'Ladies top-side?' to which he replied, (they being at home,) 'Can have.' Had they been out, or engaged, the answer would have been: 'No can.'

A noted bum-boatman of Hong-Kong — generally known to Americans under the euphonious prænomen of Sam — thus described to me the manner in which the priests of the Buddhist persuasion meet death: 'Suppose he, Number One, good padre; he no eatee too muchee 'chow-chow'; he no drinke too muchee 'samshoo'; † he eatee littee licee; ‡ he makee die pigeon all same so fashion; § (here he seated himself, and resting his head on his hand, gazed fixedly on vacancy.) 'You speakee he; he no can talkee; his face makee all same as smilum; he no makee bottum.' By this I inferred that if the priest was a good man, neither a wine-bibber nor a glutton, he died in that dreamy state, in which a famous bowye is said to have passed nine years of his life with his eyes fixed steadily upon a wall — a tranquil smile illumining his face; and that for him there was no corruption after death.

A few days ago, the aforesaid Sam informed me of six men being killed, and twenty-five wounded, by the falling of several houses, in these words: 'Six piecee men have makee die pigeon; twenty-five have makee all same as spilum.' § A beautiful language, is it not?

After partaking of sundry of Acow's well-seasoned ragouts and hashes, (concerning the contents of which I prudently asked no questions,) I smoked a cheroot, and then retired to my room, intending to

* Actual fact.

† A strong liquor expressed from rice.

‡ The Chinese always pronounce the R like L.

§ These were *spoiled*, rendered useless to society, I suppose he meant.

take a *siesta*; but I had scarce stretched myself on my bed when my trusty cicerone brought me a picture that I had commissioned him to purchase for me, the contemplation of which chased slumber from my eye-lids. It is a likeness on ivory of a boat-girl of Whampoa, who died three winters ago of consumption, in the fifteenth year of her age, universally regretted. Let me tell you her story. A large proportion of the boats on the Canton river are called *tan-ka*, or egg-house boats, from their resemblance in shape to the longitudinal section of an egg. They are ten or twelve feet long, and about six broad; and are generally propelled by an oar, attached to the stern. The happy possessor of one of these was Ah-Ty, a pretty girl, who, from her many virtues, would have graced a higher sphere. She was the general favorite of Americans and Europeans. During the summer in which she completed her fifteenth birth-day, she was observed to be particularly industrious, and, upon being questioned as to the cause of her industry, by an American merchant, who had always taken a great interest in her welfare, she artlessly replied: 'Five, six moon more my makee marry.' But when winter came, the same merchant, going one day to her boat, found her lying at the bottom of it, with her lover bending over her; the *king* * was there, but the *ky* had departed!

THE TAN-KA GIRL.

Her lot was lowly, and her birth obscure —
 Her sole inheritance a *tan-ka* boat,
 And one small oar, with which, with face demure,
 And downcast eyes, she sculled her tiny float;
 Yet she was happy, for her heart was pure,
 Though coarse her fare, and somewhat scant her coat;
 And oft the boatman, as he sped along,
 Would stay his bark to list her merry song.

Now summer came, and soft the south wind sighed
 Across Whampoa's verdant hills and plains,
 And blithely now the busy maiden plied
 The bending oar, or spread the hempen seines;
 For she, ere long, was to become a bride,
 And carefully must hoard her petty gains;
 And when the day was done, she knelt and prayed
 For blessings past, this little *tan-ka* maid.

Chill winter came: outstretched upon a mat,
 Within her narrow home the poor girl lay;
 Beside her couch, a youth, her lover, sat,
 Burning a joss-stick to his gods of clay,
 DHARMA † and SANGA. Now in accents mild,
 Placing her hand in his, the maiden sighed,
 'Fo help thee, darling!' then she sweetly smiled,
 And turned her eyes to heaven: thus she died.
 A cherub bore her through the Stygian wave,
 And angels hover o'er her sainted grave!

Vale !

FAN-KUEI.

* KING, figure or visible body: ky, spirit, or animating principle.

† The Chinese books say, 'Fo (BUDHA of India) is one person, but has three forms — Fo, DHARMA, SANGA.' — DAVIES, vol. 2.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

BY MISS LOUISE E. VIERROY.

DARKLY hangs the winter mid-night on the war-beleaguered land,
Onward toward the swollen river press a little patriot-band,
Spent with famine, worn and weary marching through the crusted snow,
Where the crimson blood-tide flowing stains their path-way as they go.

Long and nobly have they striven to resist the tyrant's power,
Now their brave hearts sink within them, 't is their country's gloomiest hour,
And each hopeless face is shadowed by a fixed and sullen frown,
As they watch the angry waters with the ice-isles rushing down;
While a requiem the tempest seems for Liberty to sing,
And the waves in wild upheaving the last knell of Hope to ring.

But calmly stands their leader by the foaming torrent's brink,
And their looks are turned upon him, as they pause, but do not shrink;
And he meets those mournful glances with a father's pitying eye,
For he knows they will not fail him, that they do not fear to die:
They but fear their arms are powerless to protect the land they love,
Fear their cause is all unheeded by the God who rules above.
But he speaks in cheering accents to the faint, disheartened band,
Bids them think of homes and firesides — think upon their native land;
Rouses them for one strong effort that may break oppression's chain,
Bids them rally for the struggle, fall upon their foes again:
'While the broad wings of their army wide and vulture-like expand,
With their hateful blackness brooding over all the Jersey-land,
We may clip their spreading pinions if we strike a sudden blow;
Come, my brothers, stern and steady, answer quickly, Will you go?'
Thus he speaks, and bares his temples, and the soldiers looking on,
Grasp their arms and shout in chorus: 'We will follow WASHINGTON!'

They have caught his hero-spirit, throbs each heart more wildly now,
For there seems a sudden glory to have settled on his brow;
While his clarion voice comes ringing deep and clear above the blast,
And for him, where'er he lead them, they will battle to the last.
Let the snow and hail come sweeping fiercely down the dismal shores,
And the tempest's voice grow louder in the rocking sycamores;
Now they heed not storm or midnight, chilling wind or driving hail,
As they dare the foaming river, where the stoutest heart might quail.

And again they're marching forward, stiff with cold and pierced with pain,
Toward the enemy's encampment, far across the frozen plain;
With a more than Spartan courage lighting up each dauntless eye,
Swift and silent, firm and fearless, on they go, to do or die.
Brooding now with thoughts of vengeance on the hurried retreat
Made across the alarmed country from Long-Island's sad defeat;
Now with hopeful pride remembering Concord Bridge and Lexington:
Oh! that on this night of darkness such another day might dawn!

Where the sentinels are pacing in the early morning's beams,
Where the unsuspecting foemen waken out of peaceful dreams;
Dreams perchance of wives and children, many a gentle-hearted band,
As they keep the merry Christmas, in the distant father-land,
Knowing not of danger near them — see, the little army comes,
And with sudden start they listen to the roll of rebel-drums!

Now the tide of battle surges far and near, and loud and deep,
 As with head-long desperation down upon the foe they sweep;
 With a thought of home and kindred strengthening every deadly blow —
 God of Freedom, God of Justice, aid the holy struggle now!
 Piercely patriot and invader mingle in the stormy fray,
 In the annals of Columbia this will be a glorious day!
 For they see in death the sinking of the foeman leader, RAHL,
 See the hireling Hessians flying, see the lion standard fall;
 And where clear away the war-clouds, when the battle-hour is done,
 Lo! the Eagle soars in triumph, and the victory is won!

Johnstown, (Pa.), April, 1855.

A DEER-HUNT ON THE BOUQUET.

BY PAUL MARTINDALE.

It was a glorious morning in October. The first glance of the sun, as his rays rested on the mountain-tops around the little village of Elizabethtown, revealed a scene of surpassing beauty. The hill-sides seemed inlaid with mosaics of most brilliant colors. The frost-king had touched them with his magic wand, and autumn stood revealed in her magnificence. The bright red tinge of the soft maple, the deeper and more substantial hue of the oak, the golden yellow of the beech and the elm, the pale emerald of the basswood, the fiery scarlet of the sumach, all these mingled in wild profusion and interminable variety, while here and there among them, as if to give renewed assurance that spring-time should again revivify the earth, stood the unchanging and brilliant green of the balsam and the pine. In the little valley below, the pale grass was crisp with the white frost, and as the warm rays of the sun rested on the fences and the roofs of the farm-houses, the sparkling crystals faded slowly, inch by inch, beneath their power, like the shadows of a dial, and vanished in tiny wreaths of vapor. I doubt if the world can exhibit a richer or more varied display of autumn foliage than this little valley of Elizabeth. Hemmed in by a spur of the Adirondack range, whose abrupt and ragged mountains surround and seem ready to overwhelm it, it rests in beauty, like a jewel in the rock, gathering an added brilliance from the roughness of its setting.

‘What a morning for a scent!’ said old Sheriff L —, as he stepped from his piazza in the gray of the dawn. ‘Halloo, Harry! get up, and let’s have a hunt. Fly would scent a track at forty rods this morning.’ With such an invitation, to dress and gobble up a breakfast was but brief work.

‘Go call Archibald and Abels. Tell them to bring the dogs, and we’ll have a great time.’

Now, the said Archibald — John Archibald, but generally known as ‘Archy’ — was *the* character of the county. In the vigor and prime

of his manhood, he possessed many traits of character to remind one of Cooper's 'Leather-Stocking.' An excellent hunter, cool, keen, and sagacious — loving his dog and his gun more than he did most of his family — like 'Leather-Stocking,' fearing the face of no man, but unlike him, fearing also neither God nor the devil. He was honest, because it was his nature to be so, and perfectly good-tempered, unless his dog or his rifle were abused; then his anger and his profanity knew no bounds. But the over-ruling trait of his character was an unbounded love of fun and frolic. Of all earthly things, he loved a practical joke the most. Friend or foe, it mattered little to him; if he could but perpetrate some broad joke, which should set the crowd in a roar at their expense, he was perfectly happy.

Abels came first, a rather short and thin man, with a cold, gray eye, which never looked you square in the face, and whose whole countenance indicated the mere hunter for gain. Springy and lithe as a fox, he had, in the deep snows of winter, when the crust bears a man on snow-shoes, but a deer plunges to the belly at every jump, chased on foot, and killed, many an antlered buck. He brought two dogs, one half-mastiff and half-gray-hound, not much on the scent, but capital with other dogs; the other, a beautiful black and white hound, whose nose never failed the track.

'Whar ye gwine to hunt?' said Abels, in his peculiar drawl.

'I vote for Little Pond,' answered Archy, who now came up, leading by a rope a brown dog, yet in his youth, and as likely to spend his strength in chasing the few remaining yellow birds as any thing else. The Sheriff declared for 'Sampsons,' as easier of access, and likely to prove a shorter run.

'Yees, and have your deer shute the run, and take to Beaver Meadow alders. 'Squire, there aint a dog in town can follow a track into 'em.'

Archy insisted on Little Pond, as, if the deer took to water, the boats made him sure.

'Beside, the trout, you know ——'

'Ah! I see you do n't mean to be balked of a supper. But what say to a compromise, and try 'Roaring-Brook?'

'Agreed, Squire! agreed!'

This little brook, rising back of what is generally known as Cobble (or Koble's) hill, an eminence which would be dignified as a mountain anywhere else, finds its way down to the Bouquet by a most precipitous route, and almost entirely on a bed of naked boulders. Hence its name. It has no perpendicular fall, but its *roar* can be easily heard in a still night for a mile and a half.

Every thing seemed in readiness, and all seated in the wagon, when the quick eye of the Sheriff detected the absence of an important member of the party.

'Archy, where's Three-Legs?'

Little Three-Legs was a medium-sized, tan-colored hound, of full blood, who had been caught in a bear-trap while on the run-way, and had been kept there until, from sheer starvation, she gnawed off her leg, and returned to her master. She had been Archy's particular pet

ever since. He frequently carried her home in his arms after a long chase. Her long and beautiful ears, and clean, thin skin showed the purity of her blood, while her cry, clear and pure as a trumpet, made her an invaluable assistant to the other dogs. She could maintain her position in a short chase very well, but in a long run, the strain on the remaining fore-leg was too great. Archy had fitted a little leather boot to the shortened limb to prevent injury by hitting it on the ground.

'Three-Legs is all safe. I wanted to save her for the run. We'll stop at Newell's for her.'

In picking up the dog, we were but too happy to pick up Newell himself, Apollos Newell, than whom no worthier man trod the soil of old Essex. Many a man have I heard praise the integrity of another by saying: 'He's as honest as Apollos Newell.'

A brisk ride of three miles brought us to the intersection of the brook with the river. The horses were taken from the wagon and tied under a spreading beech, and an umbrella spread over a mysterious-looking basket in the wagon, toward which Archy gave now and then a most affectionate look. Abels leashed up the dogs, in which he had some difficulty, as they were whimpering about in the most active manner with their noses to the ground, in search of 'a track,' and started for the head of the brook. The run-way was from the top of the ridge down the stream, crossing it several times, to its confluence with the Bouquet, thence down said river on the west bank thereof, (as the lawyers would say,) for about two hundred rods, then crossing the river at a little ripple, and then in a direct course to East Mountain.

As it would probably be an hour before a fresh track could be found, the Sheriff and Archy pulled out their fish-lines, cut an ash-pole from the brook-side, and tried their skill for trout. The former threw his line in the deep pool where the brook joined the river, and Archy sauntered up the stream. Meanwhile, Newell sat with his rifle in his lap, listening for the cry from the hounds. Trout were not abundant, and the Sheriff was about giving up in despair, when, throwing his hook into the ripple, it floated gently down to the deep pool at the bottom, and, 'Heavens! what a bite!' The trout was hooked, but the old fisherman knew very well it would never do to tug at him with that line. Having no creel, it was not an easy matter to give him his run. It could only be done by *leading* him up and down until he tired himself out. A full half-hour was spent in this way, until his trout-ship brought his nose to the surface for relief. Now he was brought gently to the shore, the line fastened by a stone, and using his old beaver for a landing-net, he had the proud satisfaction of laying on the bank a two-pound deep-water trout!

At this moment he heard a halloo from Newell, seized his prize, and started for camp. Archy had started before with his rifle up to one of the crossings on the brook; so Newell was left to try his skill at the point where the deer should strike the Bouquet, and the Sheriff took position where the run-way crossed below.

'Hark! Do you hear that?'

It was a splendid chorus! The clear, pure air of the October morning, undisturbed by any other sound save the deep monotone of Roar-

ing-Brook, gave every voice distinct and ringing as a bell. High and clear above all came the silvery tones of little Three-Legs. Then the deep bay of the mastiff, chiming well with the shrill yelps of Fly and the young one. I have heard many quartettes in my time, but never one that stirred my blood more than this.

‘Hark again! Was that Abels’ rifle or Archy’s?’

‘Archy’s, certainly,’ said I, for I had staid with Newell, to be near the horses, in case of their being frightened. ‘Abels is further up.’

Whosoever it was, it had not stopped the deer, for presently the long bound of some animal was heard in the copse above. Some forty rods further up from us was a brief opening in the woods, forming a beautiful little glade, with here and there a small pine growing. It was in this we first caught sight of our game, as the run-way was directly through it. What a magnificent sight! — a seven-years’ old buck, in the prime and vigor of his strength! Not yet fatigued by the length of the chase, wearing more the air of surprise than fright, his antlers laid gently back upon his neck, his standard raised, and all his colors flying, he bounded on, as if spurning the ground with his hoofs, and conscious of untiring speed. I shouted in ecstasy.

‘Hush!’ said Newell, ‘not a word, or he’ll shoot the track.’

He brought his rifle to the cock, and waited for the buck to clear the woods, the distance from where we stood to the river being about ten rods of grass plat. On he came. Oh! it seemed a sin to take the life of so noble a creature. Newell raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, as the deer gave the last bound from the bank to the stream, aimed at his neck, and fired. From the sudden turn of the deer’s head, as he struck the water, it was evident he was hit. He gave two or three short jumps into the ripple and fell. The Sheriff heard the report, and as he could see from his station that the deer had fallen, hastened up. The buck lay motionless in the water, and slowly floating down the river, which was about knee-deep. As Newell was getting advanced in years, he, being clad in long fishing-boots, offered to go in and cut the animal’s throat. The bullet had struck just at the root of the horn, on the side of the head, and had stopped there, consequently the deer was only stunned, not killed. L —— drew his hunting-knife, and proceeded to cut his throat. The first gash, which let a little blood, revived him at once, and he was on his feet in an instant; and now commenced one of the most exciting encounters it was ever my fortune to witness. It is well known that an old stag at bay is one of the most savage of animals, and as the small gash made in his throat had severed no main vessel, the blood he had lost amounted to nothing. He lowered his head, and made a lunge at his enemy. L ——’s only safety was to catch him by the horns and force his nose under water by his own weight. But this could not last long, as the deer’s struggles were powerful. He next attempted to hold him by one horn, and use the knife on the back of his neck. The result of this experiment was that he was landed about six feet off, with the whole front part of his clothing torn from his body, and his knife lost. The deer made another spring at him, with the intent to put his fore-feet on top of him as he lay in the water, and trample him. This he evaded by a sudden

spring, and again succeeded in grasping him by both horns. Thus they struggled and floundered, sometimes one under water, and then the other, for some twenty minutes. Meantime the dogs had run in, and the mastiff at once came to the rescue. Unfortunately the water was just that depth in which man and deer could stand, but the dogs could not touch bottom. It was all they could do to stem the current, to say nothing of fighting. It was getting to be a serious matter. One of the prongs of the antlers had been broken, and left a blade-like point as sharp as a needle. On this the Sheriff had seriously torn his hand early in the fight, and was losing some blood by it. He shouted to Newell to fire at the deer, but so sudden and rapid were their motions, that the old gentleman was afraid to shoot, being as likely to hit one as the other. As for myself, I was a mere boy, and they had been gradually getting into deeper and swifter water than I could stand in. I could do no manner of good, and stood on the shore, amid the barking dogs, excited and speechless. Again the deer's nose was forced under water for a moment, and again with a mighty effort he raised his antagonist with a lunge that rolled them together in the stream. L —— felt his strength failing, but he also knew his life was at stake. Earlier in the battle he had fought from a feeling of pride, and to save the venison, as there would be no chance of killing it now, if the buck got away. Now, had he let go, and made for shore, the chances were the deer would trample him before he reached the bank. At this critical moment Archibald arrived. He had heard Newell's gun, and not hearing another, had taken it for granted the game was quietly killed, and strolled leisurely back. Seeing the real state of the case at a glance, he plunged into the stream, drew his knife, cut the animal's ham-strings at a blow, and ended the fight. Both were drawn ashore, the deer dead, and L —— perfectly exhausted. A draught from a black bottle, dug from the depths of the mysterious basket, soon put all parties to rights, saving the torn hand and habiliments of the Sheriff. He was a sorry sight to see. Not a single garment was left in its integrity, while the old broad-brimmed beaver, which had served him for years as hat, umbrella, drinking-cup, and landing-net, as occasion required, had been floated off and sunk.

The deer was now dressed, quartered, and divided in the usual manner, that is to say, the carcass was cut into as many pieces as there were persons in the party, (the antlers and skin belonging of right to the one who first draws blood,) when one turns his back to the whole, and, to the question, 'Who shall have this pile?' calls off the names by chance. In those days, this was the unvarying mode of dividing all manner of game hunted by a party. No one ever thought of objecting to the division or the lot.

It was now high noon. The warm sun had dispelled all dampness from the grass, when we seated ourselves under the old beech to prepare for dinner.

'Boy, bring the basket.'

'Humph!' said Archy, 'I know whose wife put up that prog.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied L ——, 'ever since you imposed on my good wife as a beggar, in green goggles and a knapsack, and drew on her

sympathies for a good dinner, and was broom-sticked out of the house to pay for it.'

Archy chuckled at the remembrance. 'Pickles, Indian bread, salt, a chunk of raw pork, and potatoes to roast. Good!'

'Ah! ha!' said Abels, 'three black quarts!'

'T was the rock he usually split on, though our general failings might be said to be 'primitive.'

A circular hole of three feet across, by four inches deep, was soon dug in the ground, and filled with clean stones from the brook. On these a rousing fire was kindled, and left to burn nearly out. Meanwhile, Archy had cut a half-dozen chops from the venison. The Sheriff had occupied himself with preparing his two-pound trout for a bake. The *modus operandi* I beg to set forth as a rule for all gourmands in like situation. After properly cleansing it, he, with a knife, made an incision down the whole length of the back, nearly as deep as the back-bone. Into this was laid a thin slice of raw pork; if you can add a squeeze of lemon to the pork, all the better. The belly was stuffed with the soft part of a loaf of rye and Indian-bread, mixed with say a gill of Madeira wine. His troutship was then carefully and tightly rolled up in the half of a clean newspaper, and laid in the embers to bake. The time necessary to properly *do* the fish must depend on its size. I should say for a two-pounder forty minutes, and when properly done, he is a morsel for an epicure. Talk of your *turbot a la creme*, it's mere pop and lolly-pop to the rich fragrance, the delicate flavor of a well-baked deep-water trout.

The fish devoured first, as was proper, then came the chops. Oh! ye well-fed city aldermen, who think ye sit down to your groaning boards and eat *venison*, I would one of the best of you could have partaken of those chops! 'Venison as was venison' were they, cut from a deer that had been browsing in his native woods but two hours before; none of your black, disgusting stuff that comes down from the country in February, coursed until his blood is heated and unwholesome before he is killed, and then frozen and thawed and frozen again, until no trace of juiciness, or fibrine, or of *venison* is left; but rich in flavor, tender, because well fed and fat, and luscious with the rich juices with which nature seasoned it, broiled on the glowing hickory coals, and eaten yet smoking with the bubbling heat of its own juices. A single glass of wine to each, and then for the dessert. What, a dessert in the woods! Yes, indeed, and such a dessert! When Archy went up the brook trouting in the morning, he returned, to all appearances, an unlucky fisherman. Now, however, he stepped up the stream a few rods, and returned with a dripping basket, in which were about twenty little troutlings, of from three to three and a-half inches in length, which he had managed to keep alive, by taking them carefully from the hook, and keeping his basket under water. To kill these, dip them in Indian-meal, and lay them in a frying-pan over the coals, was but a moment's work. Was it not a worthy dessert for such a dinner — tempting *morceaux* to revive the drooping appetites of apoplectic aldermen!

The day's hunt, the day's feast were now ended, and, reclining under

the spreading beech, the party rested from the fatigues and excitements of the day, relieving the time by tales and stories of old hunts, escapes by flood and field, and all the varied trials and exposures of border life.

'Squire,' said Abels to the Sheriff, 'I'll bet the venison you can't hit the yaller bird top of that mullen.'

'Not now, my hand's too lame to shoot. Archy can.'

'Yes,' said Archy, 'if Harry will lend me his gun.'

The rifle was a Caswell, made at Lansingburgh, the only manufacturer Northern hunters in those days thought capable of boring a decent barrel. The bird was a good ten rods distant, and the ball a hundred and twenty to the pound. He slowly drew sight on the little fellow, as he said, 'I'll not kill him, but I'll cut his legs off.' The bird plied his little wings as he fired, flew around and around, tried in vain to alight, but could not, and at last, wearied and bleeding, fell to the earth, both legs missing.

We were all astonished. 'Well, Archy,' said the Sheriff, 'that beats my shot, when you held the chip for me to split at twenty-five rods.'

By this time the lengthening shadows of the mountain were drawing toward us, and we harnessed up for home. And thus ended our day's sport on the banks of the Bouquet.

L I N E S : ' G O N E . '

I.

I LOVE no more: the April flower
Has withered in the summer sun;
It bloomed throughout its fitting hour;
The harvest-time is now begun.

II.

The fields of life encumbered stand,
Perchance with nobler growth to-day;
And duty guides the laboring hand,
From ruddy morn to twilight gray.

III.

But yet, although the harvest yields
Unto my toil a rich return,
I stand among the flowerless fields,
And for the growths of April yearn.

IV.

The violet springing by the brook,
Wild wandering downward to the sea,
Was lovelier in its sheltered nook
Than are the harvest-fields to me.

I N T H E F O R E S T .

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows.'—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

'Was it right
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?'—COLERIDGE.

HERE will I sit me, 'mid the shadows down,
And feed my ears with the soft syllabing
Of these delicious brooks. The long, cool lanes
Are fringed with orchard-blossoms, and the air
Is freighted with them. The deep violets,
With dew in their blue eyes, peep from their nooks,
And those pale peris of the summer wood—
Wild roses—everywhere. TITANIA
Has been here, breathing exquisite beauty
Upon these flowers, or FLORA's dainty self!
These drooping blue-bells, azure and white-rimmed,
Are haunts for fairies, and, perchance, wild PUCK,
Sad sprite! or PROSPERO's good ARIEL
Has been slumbering here. This fragrant fern
Is sweet as if some tiny deity
Had lost his breath among it. And behold
Those two white daisies, standing by the brook,
Like maidens from a bath. The crystal dew
Is heavy on them; and see how they shake
When the wind trembles. . . . O my heart! there is
A delicate spirit of enchantment
In this wood; a pure breathing spirit among
Its greenery. Invisible beings
Are ever with us, and, but for our hearts,
Which beat oftentimes so basely, we might hear
The rustling wings that winnow the soft air.
Such flutterings fill my ears, and I know
'T is not the robins 'mong the velvet leaves,
Nor west winds hiding in the hearts of flowers!

There comes the breeze! How daintily it treads
On the young grass, as tenderly as if
Its viewless feet might crush it! The grand oaks
And hemlocks know the wind-sprite, and they lift
Their great arms in the air—would shout for joy
If they had voices—and then shake their leaves
Till they are all a-trembling, like the bells
On the lascivious Almas* of the East.
The flowers, too, know the presence of the wind,
And put their tempting mouths up to be kissed.
The orchard-blooms,
For very love of him, leap in his arms,
And on he bears them until grown half-faint
With their delicious breathings! . . .

The sun has found me! Ah! then here beneath
The coolness of this leafy canopy
I'll rest my head upon the satin moss—
Vermilion-tinted and gold-speckled moss—

* Dancing Girls.

And think rare thoughts, and sleep: and if the fays
 Do tickle me with grasses in the ear,
 Or make strange pictures in my helpless eyes,
 Filling the dreamy chambers of my brain
 With forms fantastical, I will not care,
 So they but keep the evil gnomes away.
 Sleep hangs upon mine eye-lids like a fringe.
 O OBERON, and fair TITANIA! when
 I lie all mantled in unconsciousness,
 If in mine eyes ye squeeze that mystic plant,
 Whose properties medicinal work on
 The heart, and make one love the first
 His eyes may open on, I prithee, gentle sprites,
 That *la belle MARIE* of the Manor may
 Be coming with the blossoms down the road!

T. B. A.

S K E T C H E S F R O M T H E C O U N T R Y .

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

‘M O V I N G - T I M E .’

MARCH 26. — In the southern part of New-Jersey, one who rents or purchases a house or farm usually takes possession of the same on the twenty-fifth day of the present month, which is therefore denominated ‘moving-day.’ As this year’s twenty-fifth of March fell upon Sunday, the business of ‘moving’ was of course postponed until to-day, when the roads are filled with long trains of wagons, cattle, dogs, and people, all on their way to new habitations.

So great is their passion for ‘moving,’ that our inhabitants never fail to seize upon the slightest pretext which will allow them to change their places of abode, and with our flocks, herds, household goods, and family secrets well upon the road, and paraded before the eyes of an admiring world, we are the happiest of mortals.

On the morning of his departure to a strange dwelling-place, the farmer invites his neighbors and friends to a grand feast, where his felicity is enviously discussed over various dishes of pork, poultry, and potatoes, and at length, inspired by their free draughts of whiskey, the guests proceed to assist in consummating the joy of their host with most creditable vigor. While some uproariously overhaul the carts and wagons, replace broken wheel-spokes, grease axle-trees, and construct fastenings, others considerably pour sacks of flour, bags of sugar, and papers of rat’s-bane into soap-tubs, stuff looking-glasses, powder-horns, crockery ware, and school-books into barrels already half-filled with pickled pork, convert sheets, pillow-cases, and counter-panes into receptacles for cabbages, tar, eggs, and coffee-grounds, fill the bureau-drawers with potatoes, bottles of horse-medicine, and old iron, thrust the clean

family linen carefully into the stove, confine the dozen household cats together in a meal-bag, secure the geese, ducks, and chickens in the purposely emptied bed-ticking, wrap the bee-hive in a table-cloth, and pack hoe-handles, axe-helves, and ruined gun-barrels in each chest and cupboard.

When the cattle have been driven, maddened and bellowing, into the road, where the boys and dogs take them in charge, the stupefied horses are harnessed, and all 'the things,' so ingeniously 'got together' in the house, are piled on the wagons with the utmost dispatch. Shortly, the farmer's wife, holding on to the baby, clock, and bird-cage, performs a most wonderful feat of agility by climbing to a seat on the top of a huge old-fashioned bed-post, which stands bolt upright, like a sort of flag-staff, in the centre of the load on the foremost wagon; the two or three daughters, bearing jars of pickles in their aprons, and strings of onions about their necks, are painfully assisted to a lodgment in a tar-bucket, which caps the rearward cart. The farmer, grasping the family Bible and his gun, acknowledges his eternal indebtedness to his loving neighbors, who shout so joyously as to cause the horses to start up. And now, with tears and other demonstrations of most exquisite pleasure, this happy family departs its home, ardently hoping to figure as bravely at some future 'moving-time.'

HOW THE USE OF THE PLOUGH IS LEARNED.

APRIL 7. — For the last few days the wild-geese have been steadily flying northward, and after various coy and timorous preludes, the frogs at length gain sufficient confidence to croak an incessant welcome to the breaking spring, by which ordinances we are admonished to commence ploughing.

The farmer is fain to devote his utmost care and skill to the art of ploughing, as on this operation his reward for a year's labor mainly depends. In the same proportion that the soil is stirred and pulverized will the crops remunerate the sower thereof. When the share is driven deep and true, the corn grows rank and heavy; but when the work is slovenly performed, the lessened stores in the crib and granary proclaim the negligence with infallible precision.

Because of its paramount importance, therefore, ploughing forms a topic of endless solicitude and discussion among agriculturists, and for the like reason, on newly embracing the profession of a practical farmer, one is impelled to make the mastery of the plough his primary study.

Perhaps, under the smart of some disappointment or rebuff, you suddenly retire from a city residence in early manhood, and purchase a farm, with the hope thus to escape all manner of inconvenience and sorrow. With the muscular system weak and undeveloped, however, with little or no practical knowledge of farming affairs, you shortly make the mortifying discovery that you are entirely unfitted to your new profession, and, notwithstanding your strong predilections thereto, more than half regret the thoughtlessness and precipitancy which led you to engage therein.

But, meanwhile, as ranging the neighboring woods gun in hand, busying yourself with the care of the cows and poultry, galloping across the country on horse-back, Nature extends her motherly care, and imperceptibly rouses and invigorates your whole being. With increased strength your fears of inability to cope with surrounding difficulties nearly disappear. Daily becoming more and more attached to the open air pursuits of a farm, at length the thought of your inequality to their practical direction, results in reflections so insupportable, that on some inspiring morning you follow your plough-man to the field with full determination to gain immediate insight into the mysteries of his pregnant calling.

As the black furrows are swiftly traced across the glebe, you greatly admire the graceful action of the horses, the skilful care of the plough-man, and presently, taking the reins in your own hands, you put a few leading professional questions to your 'man,' and proceed to ploughing for the first time in your life,

Unfortunately for your purpose, the horses and yourself are strangers. Your guidance and directions they misconstrue most lamentably. The plough, which seemed so obedient and well-behaved an instrument in other hands, proves curiously petulant and ill-contrived in your own, and, after awkwardly blundering around the field twice or thrice, your annoyed assistant firmly protests against your zig-zag, ragged furrows, and, breathless and mortified, you are forced to admit the prematurity of your pretensions, and thus resign your command.

Although balked, you have no idea of yet submitting to defeat, and therefore, keeping pace with the ploughman, you observe his movements with the closest attention. His manner of guiding his implement is for a couple of hours unremittingly noticed, while the words of reproof and direction with which he addresses the horses are carefully repeated and acquired. Finally, as sauntering back to the house, you resolve that no obstacle whatever shall prevent a speedy general recognition of your skilful, nay, perfect mastery over the plough.

When your 'man' has again harnessed his 'team,' after dinner, you bluntly disclose this determination, and, dispatching him on some distant affair, resolutely place yourself behind the curving handles. Having started the horses, you joyfully discover that they are inclined to move more moderately than in the morning, and when you shout and chirp after the manner of the plough-man, although well aware that you are attempting the use of a foreign tongue, yet they do their best to comprehend and assist you. In a most uncertain, irregular manner you have presently traversed the field some six or eight times, and now, with the perspiration dropping from your forehead, you check and caress 'Jenny' and 'Bill,' throw your coat upon the fence, roll up your shirt-sleeves, and inwardly indulge in high exultation at your cleverness. Too happy and excited to rest longer than a moment or two, you quickly shout for the horses to go on again; and, with cheeks glowing and red, rejoicing in the wholesome scent of the fresh-turned earth, expressing all manner of endearment to your 'team,' delighted that the difficulties connected with ploughing are so easily surmounted, you continue to work with praiseworthy steadiness until sun-down, when, reminded of the wants of your equine friends, you reluctantly lead them to the sta-

ble, dispatch your own coarse supper of bread and pork with the keenest possible relish, and, lighting a segar, sit down to a newspaper, possessed of perfect serenity and satisfaction.

Your happiness is not of long duration, however; for the curious neighbors, hearing of your efforts, have already seen fit to examine and pass judgment thereon, and now, in a laughing, screeching troop, they burst into the house with the declaration that the ploughing of which you believed you might be justly proud has raised the strongest suspicions as to your faithful adherence to the principles disseminated by good Father Mathew! At length, with exhausted wit, your friends withdraw, when, somewhat piqued, you retire to bed to sink into the most delicious sleep you have known for many and many a day.

In the morning you are sufficiently reminded of the unpleasant penalty attached to the sin of weak muscles; for, with rising, you find yourself exceedingly stiff and sore, while the mere act of dressing fills you with almost unbearable pain. At breakfast you briefly decline the invitation of your 'man' to 'try ploughing again,' but, remaining in the house, while away the day listlessly reading and smoking.

With another night's sleep you are restored to yourself; and now the plough-man expresses his willingness to instruct you in all of his art that he can. Good teaching and gentle daily practice for a couple of hours ere long thoroughly familiarize you to the proper guidance of the stubborn share, and likewise to the happy management of 'Jenny' and 'Bill.' The muscular system gradually inures itself to the demand made upon it, and at last ploughing becomes a cordial and welcome recreation.

The power that you have thus gained in conquering the plough secures an easy triumph over all other farm-work, and, in time, your vocation assumes a widely different aspect from that with which it first saluted your mind. The sense of labor is lost in new ideas of pleasurable duty. For the kindness and affection of that dear Nature who everywhere surrounds you infallibly win your faith and allegiance to her for ever more. One will not freely choose a sluggish repining life when the teeming throng of elements and seasons endlessly invites the hand to gather some new bounty from their store; one can but worship and obey, when winds and waters ever hymn, when countless flowers offer daily incense to unfathomable GOODNESS, and peace shall not fail companionship with the well-earned rest which gentle, dark-haired Night not only hastens to bestow, but consecrates with the holy vigil of her thousand stars.

Rejoicing thus in advancing vigor and well-being, the soul recoils from all unworthy aims, and your old deformed idols, on which corrupt conventionalism had engraved the precious names, Honor, Worth, and Happiness, are all exalted and made whole by the spirit's clean, replenished will, and now, like archangels, they shine from portals of gorgeous palaces where the eternal gods themselves abide. Even those old disappointments, once so bitter, those rebuffs of the mean and vulgar, which but lately so lacerated your heart and drove you from the dear paths of a tutored ambition, are either entirely forgotten in your present healthfulness, or dimly remembered as the experience of a weaker and inferior stage of existence.

T H E B A T T L E .

BY J. SWETT.

At early dawn
Of purple morn
The hollow drum and piercing fife
Rouse the soldier to mortal strife:
Ranks must form
For the coming storm,
Ere sentinel stars of morning gray
Are chased by the glorious sun away.

Dark and solemn,
In many a column,
Winding along
Like Pythons strong,
Two armies stretch o'er the level plain,
White mists shrouding their lengthened train.
The distant hill-tops are tinged with gold,
Floods of the breaking light are rolled
Over the hosts where standards stream,
And serried lines of bayonets gleam.
Masses of men, with measured tread,
Over the battle-field are spread;
Over the ground
With muffled sound,
Deep-mouthed cannon are rumbling slow
On to their mission of death and woe.

Silent they stand
In dread array,
A breathless band
For the bloody fray.
From the manly hearts that are mustered there
Rises many a silent prayer,
Breathed for mother, and wife, and child,
While thoughts come fast and hearts throb wild.
Booming heavily on the ear
Breaks the signal-gun distinct and clear;
Swiftly the charging columns form
Amid the sleet of the iron storm,
Batteries vomit their breath of flame;
Death has opened his bloody game!
Flash upon flash!
The line fails not;
On they dash,
Through thick grape-shot;
Sternly they close
On hated foes;
Shoulder to shoulder and man to man,
On they press o'er the fallen van.
The glistening bayonets sternly met
Cross with the bayonets firmly set;
Death-shrieks rise in fearful tone;

Unasked is mercy, and none is shown ;
Shouting and cursing with maddened yell
Strong men grapple like fiends of hell :
 'They fly! they fly!'
 Is the victors' cry,
Drowning the groans of agony.

See you the dust-clouds on the field
Where war-steeds fierce into ranks are wheeled?
Chargers spring to the bugle sound,
Pawing impatient the battle-ground ;
Against the squares of bristling steel
With sound of thunder the squadrons wheel ;
Rider and horse to the earth are sent,
Helmets shattered, and gay plumes rent ;
Iron hoofs crush throbbing hearts
Ere life from the quivering strings departs ;
Manhood's brow, with its seal of God,
Is crushed and blent with the reeking sod.
 Shattered and torn,
 They are backward borne,
And the stubborn squares unbroken stand,
Musket to musket and hand to hand.
Hark to the bugle's thrilling tone !
A whole brigade is thundering on ;
Over the field a sulphurous cloud
Hangs like a damp and dark death-shroud
 Mercy has fled,
 Pity is dead,
Man is changed to a demon dread :
Carnage exults in the gloomy pall,
Death is holding a carnival
Over the warriors, stark and grim,
Over the mangled corse and limb.

Hushed is the cannon's heavy roar,
Exhausted nature can strive no more ;
And wearied armies sink down to rest
Upon the battle-field's bloody breast.
Moans of the dying, shrieks of pain,
Cries for water rise wild and vain.
Over the living Sleep casts her veil ;
Meek-eyed Mercy, with brow so pale,
Weeps by the wounded soldier's side,
Watching the ebbing of life's warm tide ;
Stilling the heart so racked by pain,
Never in anguish to throb again.

Embattled legions, with thundering tread,
Shall rouse no more the grim hosts dead ;
But ere the set of another sun
The hard-fought field must be lost or won ;
And the living must mingle again in strife,
The final struggle for death or life.
God grant the right may win the fight
Before the fall of another night !
God grant that there on evening air
Victorious freemen raise their prayer.

C O N S T A N T I N O P L E :

ITS OCCUPANCY BY THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH, IN THE YEAR 1855.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

ALTHOUGH there has been no attempt, as yet, to make an assault upon Sebastopol, the great preparations made by the English and French show that the idea of endeavoring to attack this strong place is not relinquished. These preparations are principally visible here in the shape of hospitals for the sick and wounded. It has become the subject of general remark that the Allies are quietly taking possession of this capital, something in the manner in which the boa-constrictor prepares his prey for being swallowed. Indeed, so quietly and gently is the process followed, that the public at large seem not to perceive it.

The original occupation made by the French and English at Gallipoli, on the European side of the Dardanelles, at the juncture with the little sea-lake of Marmora, has now been almost entirely abandoned by them. It certainly was a novel plan, then adopted for the protection of Constantinople, to cut a ditch across the Thracian Chersonesus, lest the Russians, after marching from the Danube, across Bulgaria, etc., to the Marmora, should seize upon the high lands of the Dardanelles, and hold them against the allied powers of England, France, and Turkey! Let Russia once make her way from the Danube to the Dardanelles, and this capital could no longer be called the 'City of the Sultan.' The ditch has not been cut all the way across, and now only a small force is left 'in charge' of Gallipoli, as a 'depot,' and a *point de depart* for any more fresh troops disembarking there for Adrianople. You will perhaps have heard that the French in occupying Gallipoli, set to work improving the place. These improvements are still kept up. They have taken possession of, and are now occupying as granaries, depots for food, arms, etc., as well as for barracks and hospitals, all the private houses in the place, suitable for the purpose. They have improved the streets, and numbered and named them, and I am told that it is quite a novelty to read at the corners such titles as : '*Passage aux Dépôts*,' '*Rue du Commandant*,' '*Chemin des Greniers*,' '*Route aux Casernes*,' '*Rue des Ambulances*,' etc., and others less practical, such as : '*Rue Canrobert*,' '*Rue du Marechal*,' '*Rue de St. Arnaud*,' and other of their commanders. I hear that the present Turkish governor of Gallipoli has profited by the fate of his predecessor, and takes things easier. The story goes that the former governor, a worthy old fat Turk, was so much overcome with the innovations introduced by the French, that he took to his bed, and never succumbed to the reformation of his city by the Giaours. Another report, however, says that when the French first arrived at Gallipoli, they were disposed to be very hospitable to '*Monsieur le Gouverneur*,' and that the

latter, being accustomed only to *rakki*, (Greek brandy,) and 'common doin's, fell an early victim to high feed and French *liqueurs*; but this is no doubt a calumny.

The next occupation of the Allies was at the great barracks of Daoud Pasha, beyond the walls of Constantinople, where the late St. Arnaud, last summer, held a review of his troops, then only some thirty thousand in number, in the presence of the Sultan, previous to his departure for Varna. These barracks, with the large Turkish hospital near it of Mâl Tepeh, still remain in the occupancy of the French, and with them also the still greater barracks, at the same place, called Ramis Tehiptlik. These are said to be for the purpose of holding the '*Armée de Réserve*,' said to be coming here from France. As yet, however, the French have kept but few of their troops at this place; they expedite them on to the Crimea as fast as they arrive. Here I may add that the most profound silence is kept on all that relates to the movements and operations of the French army—a striking contrast with the English, who tell every thing about their own. Even the real number of the French force is not known here; and neither is the number of their sick, wounded, or dead, ever correctly known.

Beside the places just mentioned, the French have occupied and taken, quite without permission, and without indeed *asking* for them, the following places in and about Constantinople:

First, the great new barracks on the '*Grand Champs des Morts*' of Pera, overlooking the Bosphorus, and one of the largest and most conspicuous buildings of the place, as an hospital. It will accommodate some two thousand five hundred or three thousand sick.

Second, the new Military Academy just beyond it, at the '*Grand Champs des Morts*,' and filled all its court-yard with temporary wooden buildings, which, with the academy, can accommodate three thousand sick or wounded. They interred their dead, for some time, in the little cemetery of the monks at the '*Grand Champs des Morts*,' but soon filled up all the portion of it belonging to the Catholic part of the foreign community here; and since then have occupied the new cemetery given last year by the Sultan for the foreign Protestants and Catholics of the capital. The Catholic part of this cemetery is now wholly filled up with deceased Frenchmen; some eight hundred of them have been interred there already. The dead are carried out of the hospital in an omnibus, drawn by a pair of oxen, six, eight, or twelve at a time, accompanied by a priest, and a boy in clerical garb.

Third, the French have taken and occupied the Medical College, and the Artillery Barracks, called '*Cumbârra Haveh*,' in the Golden Horn, between the Naval Arsenal and the mouth of Eyoub. These are both barracks and hospital, and can accommodate about two thousand men.

Fourth, they have also taken possession of and now occupy the Old Seraglio, on the point of land bearing that name, the site of ancient Byzantium. They have erected temporary buildings in it, near the water's edge, on the plain called '*Gul Khauch*,' at which place the Sultan read his celebrated charter of rights, called the '*Hatti Scherif of Gul Khauch*.' They are gradually occupying all the buildings of

the Sultan, once the palace of his forefathers, and can accommodate about two thousand men there.

Fifth, in the city proper, near the mouth of St. Sophia, the present Sultan has had a large edifice erected, to be used hereafter as a college, or, in Turkish, '*Dar el Fenin*.' It was not completed when the present war broke out, and had to be laid aside until a more favorable moment. This the French have taken and occupied, and are having it fitted up as a barracks or a hospital. It is an immense building, and can well receive some two thousand five hundred men.

Sixth, in Pera, the French have taken and occupied the palace of the Russian Embassy, and the large edifice formerly used as a *canullerie* (*caseteh*) and post-office, etc., for the Russian government. The former, it is said, will be used for the quarters of the French generals, or for *Offices de Direction*, while others say that it will be used only for Russian prisoners, and wounded or sick. A Turkish sentry now parades before its chief entrance on the quiet Pera street, and a goodly number of Zouaves and other Frenchmen loiter about in its entrance. A French patrol of *gens d'armes* walk the streets of Pera, day and night, in full French uniform, for the purpose of keeping the French military and seamen in good order.

Seventh, the French have also taken possession of, and occupy as a hospital, the greater part of the Naval Academy situated at the island of Khalki, one of the twelve Princes' Islands in the sea of Marmora. On the Bosphorus, nearly all of the large private dwellings between the Sweet Waters in Asia, and the point called '*Kaulijâ*,' (Asiatic side,) are taken up and occupied also by the French, as establishments connected with their army. In the city, near the Old Seraglio, near the mosque of Sultan Almud, and in the neighborhood of Pera, as well as in Getata, very many houses of different sizes are occupied by their physicians, surgeons, commissaries, etc.

Eighth, finally, as it is reported that Napoleon III. will visit Constantinople, the Sultan has ordered the imperial palace of '*Bey lu bey*,' on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, to be prepared for his imperial Majesty. Already has a portion of the large square opposite the Military Barracks of Pera, where the artillery practise, been occupied by the French for work-shops, etc., where gun-carriages can be mended. Another similar building has been built by them on what is called the '*Petit Champs des Morts*,' facing the Naval Arsenal. As it is built upon Mussulman graves, the government made some demur about it, but the French insisted, and the question was dropped.

In connection with French 'doings' in this country, I may mention that the French companies have got up telegraphs, on Morse's principle, and that these will soon be in operation. One leads from Constantinople, along the sea of Marmora, to Adrianople, and thence across Bulgaria to Shumla. Later, this company will carry on the line directly from Adrianople to Belgrade, on the Danube, where it will connect with the Austrian line from Vienna to Semlin.

The other French company has taken up a line from Bucharest to Shumla and Varna. They are at work on them along either line; the poles are being put up splendidly, and it is a fine sight to see the

ancient walls of old Byzantium, which have long since only seemed to surround the site of a once free and prosperous republic, and later to shield and protect a despotic Sultan from the furious attacks of savage janizaries, now supporting the poles of a telegraph, and sending (thanks to the genius of a republican of the New World) information from the distant East to Western Europe and America! The line from Varna to Shumla is already terminated, and conveys news between the two places. This is to connect with the English sub-marine telegraph from Bala-klava to Varna.

In Pera, one meets at every corner French doctors, in wide, red pantaloons, blue coats, and gold-lined caps. Officers, too, lounge along the streets, with their arms stuck up to their elbows in said red inexpressibles, and puffing smoke from their mouths like the same *new* element escaping from steam-boat chimneys. Now and then there is a row in the streets, generally between Frenchmen and Greeks, wherein the latter receive no mercy, for the *sentiment* against them is very strong in the minds of all the French. With the Turks they seem to get on well. Now and then a French Zouave, or a member of the *legion étranger*, snatches a hand-full of apples or nuts from a Turk's basket; the latter calls him or them for it a Giaour, and then he is mad: to this the French replies with a growl and a laugh, a few '*sacré gredins*,' etc., and the Turk ends by returning to his basket, minus his property, muttering *pezevenk* and *carrâtâ*, and then he has become half-reconciled to his loss.

Let us now turn to our forefathers, the English, and see what they have taken and occupied during their visit to Constantinople.

Their troops were first landed at Gallipoli, but soon afterward they had them nearly all brought up to Scutari, where they were installed in the fine large barracks there, called the 'Selimich,' after the last Sultan of that name. There they were reviewed by the Sultan, then some twelve thousand in number. When they embarked for Varna, the barracks remained in their hands, and the deplorable sufferings which they have endured in the Crimea have long since converted the barracks into a hospital. It now holds about two thousand five hundred invalids. Near it is another large edifice, erected by the present Sultan, as a hospital for said barracks, which has also long ago been given to the English. It contains some two thousand sick. Beside it is the cemetery wherein the dead English are interred, near the spot where the Sultan reviewed them last summer. Here repose about a thousand of these *then* splendid men, and the visitor is struck with the spectacle as he runs his eye hastily along the line of graves, to see small boards close to the ground bearing the inscription: 'Russian officer.' The day may come when the Russian, as well as the English widow, leading her orphan boy, will be seen seeking for these remains, and then together mingling their tears over the graves of those who fell wounded in mortal conflict together at Alma or at Inkermann, and who now rest here, side by side, in that eternal peace which life never knows!

Second, beyond the barracks and hospital, in a valley called 'Hyder Pasha,' the Sultan has had erected a new summer-palace, with many out-houses, in one of which he regales the diplomatic corps on such festi-

vals as the circumcision of his sons, their going to school (or taking a master) for the first time — occasions of great festivity in Eastern Mussulman countries; or indeed on any other event of a joyful nature in which the public is supposed to join. These have all become hospitals for the English.

Third, half-way up the Bosphorus is the large barracks and hospital of *Kulalee*, which originally were taken by the English for cavalry barracks. These long since have been converted into hospitals for them. Here also are the Russian invalids and prisoners.

Fourth, at Therapia, near to the Sultan's fine garden and summer-house, is a small Turkish hospital, which has been taken and occupied by the English as such. It is supposed that all of these buildings cannot hold more than six thousand sick and wounded. It is said that the summer residence of the Russian embassy at Buyukdeii, near the mouth of the Bosphorus, will be occupied by the English; but as yet, this has not been done.

Fifth, the Turkish government has given to the English the hulk of a seventy-four, for a marine hospital, and it is anchored off Seraglio Point, near Yali Kiosk, in the Golden Horn. Another similar hulk lies at anchor in that part of the Horn called the Arsenal, for Russian prisoners, and the marine barracks of Cassim Pasha, near the Admiralty, is used for the same purpose.

One naturally asks: 'What has the Turkish government reserved for its own wounded and sick soldiers?' This is not very clear. A few of the *khans* — generally the smaller ones in the city — are occupied by the Tunisian and Egyptian troops, while in good health; but for them when ill, nothing seems to have been prepared. The mortality among the Sultan's troops on the Danube and at Balaklava has been fearful. In neither place is there any proper hospital; when sick, the soldier is carried to a separate tent, and on the morrow to his grave. Wounded men seldom survive. When a wound has reached such a condition as to require amputation of the limb, the sufferer is asked whether it shall be cut off; if his sufferings are so great as to induce him to consent, he is then told that the permission of the general-in-chief, or of the minister of war himself is required, and long ere this is obtained, the poor man is beyond the reach of further aid. This accounts for the very few maimed Turkish pensioners in this country. It is deemed better for the state that the severely wounded should be permitted to die, than to become burthens to it. A few, however, are operated upon, and thus have had their lives saved. These cases are no doubt due to the benevolent and humane care of European surgeons in the Ottoman army.

Some weeks since, an instance of this kind came to my knowledge. A fine, bronzed-faced young Mussulman, with his right leg amputated at the knee, sat by the way-side, opposite the barracks of Pera, the only one not yet taken and occupied by the French. He begged relief of the passers-by, and was heard calling to the Turkish soldiers as they entered or left the barracks: 'Kardach, (brother,) for the love of Allah, come and give me twenty paras, (two cents;) I am from *Arab Tabick*.' Soldiers, as well as sailors, in all parts of the world, are generous, and

the Turkish soldier, though only a recipient of twenty piastres (seventy-five cents) a-month, would seldom fail to stop, and from his scanty purse bestow the humble gift asked for by his unfortunate fellow-soldier.

The defence made by the Sultan's soldiers at Arab Tabick (Silistria) is too well known to be here described. It is the most glorious part of the present *inglorious* war, and the chivalric conduct of the defenders against the fearful odds of the Czar, will fill a goodly page in the history of the modern crusade. No one could see a brave defender of that place, yet in the prime of youth, reduced, by the loss of a leg, to beg alms of his more fortunate yet less glorious fellow-soldiers. A passer-by, whose sensibilities are always easily excited by such spectacles, stopped to question, and offer his gift to the brave man. The example became contagious; for several other passers-by, touched by the man's tale, hastened to add their donation, and in a few minutes two hundred piastres were poured into the brave fellow's hand, to enable him to regain his home in the interior of Asia Minor.

Constantinople, March 12, 1855.

o.

O U T U P O N T H E H I L L - S I D E .

BY SARAH I. C. WHITTLESST.

OUT upon the hill-side,
 Violets all a-blow,
 Down along the mill-tide,
 Lilies white as snow,
 Flake-like star the deep green,
 Where the waters fall,
 With the golden spring-sheen
 Drifting over all.

Through the fragrant wood-lands,
 Mellow music floats;
 Gushing from a bird-band's
 Clear and ringing throats;
 White, above the pond-waves,
 Water-lilies gleam,
 Through the smoky sun-sheaves,
 Curling from the stream.

O'er the mossy meadow,
 By the river's haze,
 Falls the pleasant shadow
 Of sweet April days;
 They who wore last spring's ray
 On their gladsome brow,
 Do not hear its wings to-day,
 Are not with me now!

Alexandria, (Va.)

D U S T .

B Y S C H W A R Z S T E I N

I.

Dust we were, and dust to be,
Dust upon us, dust about us;
Dust on every thing we see,
Dust within us, dust without us;
Saith the preacher, 'Dust to dust!'
Let them mingle, for they must.

II.

Dust we raise upon the road,
Dust we breathe in dancing-hall;
Dust infests our home abode,
Dust, a pall, is over all;
'Tis the housewife's daily dread,
Dust, the emblem of the dead!

III.

When the sky above is fair,
And the sun upon us streams,
Floats the dust throughout the air,
Gleaming in its fallen beams;
Every mote is like a man,
Dancing gayly while he can.

IV.

Ere the tempest gathers strong,
Blows at times the warning gust,
O'er the plain it sweeps along,
Tempest's thrall, a cloud of dust.
Every mote is like a man
Flying from Oppression's van.

V.

Now the swollen clouds grow dark,
Comes the long-expected flood,
Falling deluge-like and stark;
Dust is beaten down to mud:
So are times when men must grovel,
In the palace as the hovel.

VI.

Thus we are but motes of dust
On the ground and in the air,
Blown by pleasure, fear, and lust,
Beaten down to low despair;
Born of dust, to come to dust,
Let us mingle, for we must!

H E N R Y K I R K E W H I T E .

MOURN not, sweet soul, that Death appeared
 Unto thee while the sky
 Yet brightened to the perfect noon.
 It seemeth hard to die
 When earth is opening wide the gate
 Unto the golden light
 And summer gladness of the young:
 And yet, such early flight
 Is sweeter than when we remain
 To see the sun-shine wane,
 And darkness gather on the earth —
 The night, wherein we are
 Unguided by a star.
 Mourn not, sweet soul, that Death appeared
 Unto thee ere the day
 Had lost its gladness, while the flowers
 Knew not as yet decay.

SIGMA.

The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON ANCIENT GASTRONOMY

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

[A fair spring morning on the banks of the Susquehanna, near its confluence with a smaller stream, called by the Indians, 'Ah-wa-ga.' Enter Piscator and Venator, habited as fishermen, followed at some distance by Poeta and Scholiast, with rods in their hands. In a little while the latter shall overtake the former, and then they shall walk along together.]

PISCATOR : This is a most noble stream. It needeth but that some high-priest in the religion of literature, like Irving, should lay his hands upon it and say, 'Be thou classic,' to become the admired of every people. From its cradle in the forests of Otsego, which Cooper hath sanctified, through all its gathering of beauty and strength from tangled wood and pleasant vale, till it reposes upon the bosom of 'fair Wyoming,' which Campbell hath made holy, from thence onward through mountain gorge and chasm, through gloom and grandeur, to where it broadeneth into a sea, 't is bright, beautiful, sublime, majestic, and magnificent. Therefore, scholar mine, do I hold it good to be anglers therein, not for its fish, since they be not many, but for that mind hath a certain correspondency with nature, and answereth to its excellence with excellencies, as the harp with rare harpings to the touch of

the master. And mark you, Venator, what a clarity the water hath here. You may count the pebbles upon the bottom.

VENATOR : Yea, master mine, but the stream hath so little depth here, that it barely overfloweth the gravel.

PISCATOR : In sooth, 't is well said, good my scholar ; but if the stream were muddy thou couldst not see the bottom for all its shallowness. Prithee, now mark me. Do men call a muddy stream beautiful ? Nay. Do they love such, though it be deep and broad ? Nay. But a shallow stream, though it be but narrow, if it be clear, do they not call it fair and lovable, and seek its banks, and listen to its gentle prattle with delight ? Yea. Therefore learn from this, most worthy Venator, though thou be but shallow-brained, yet if thou keep thy mind free from all impurity of sentiment, and art ever frank and open, so that men may look into thy mind and know thy thoughts, notwithstanding for paucity they may count them, yet shalt thou be loved and admired by the virtuous, whose esteem is alone to be sought ; and though thou mayst not astonish with thy magnitude of intellect, thou mayst charm with thy goodness of heart. Hast thou foreborne to bring thy flask, as I did bid thee ?

VENATOR : Yea, for a verity ; and how am I beholden to thee. First thou didst win me by gentle remonstrances from a villainous liking that I had for business ; then from a too strict regard for holy-days ; and at last thou hast snatched me from the dangers of the bottle. And, as strong drink formerly did master me, so shalt thou hereafter control me.

[*Here Venator taketh, by stealth, a flask from Piscator's pocket.*]

Fare thee well, thou vessel of destruction — inglorious bottle !

PISCATOR : I am heartily glad, I am heartily glad ! And I think that I have observed, for some time past, a gradual change in thine aspect ; for thy nose is less rubicund, thine eyes are less watery, (though there is yet a certain redness in them which illy suits me,) thy voice is less husky, thy step more firm, and thy hand more steady, making it better for the proper baiting of our hooks. Thou wilt soon become, I doubt not, a most apt and expert angler.

VENATOR : Thou speakest most truly ; for thou hast told me that the fisher, being a very honest man, hath often a lack of money. And believe me when I say that my pockets have of late been often-times a-dust.

PISCATOR : Marry, and I am glad of 't. 'Is there, for honest poverty, that hangs his head, and a' that ?' 'T is a song that makes one proud of his poverty. And now that I bethink me — for I am most forgetful, being, like all which go to the angle, of a meditative cast — I thank thee that thou hast asked to bear us company these very worthy gentlemen ; though, to say truth, I fear lest Poeta should bring some shame upon us, seeing that all men who make rhyme are marvellously given to drink.

POETA : Nay, do not fear, my master dear, disgrace from my society ; for honest worth and harmless mirth shall be our sole propriety ; and all

that be in league with thee affirm that fair sobriety brings honor, health, and more than wealth, gives joy without satiety. So when I see its work in thee, o'er me comes great endeavor, repentant man, with ruthless ban, to exile wine for ever. Therefore, dear master, fear no disaster in ways and walks puritanical; for with these few tried men, and true, in error surely can I fall?

PISCATOR: Thou givest me much joy, O my friend! Truly do I think that thou mayst, with proper industry and training, shake off that heathenish habit of rhyming, which I observe sticketh to thee yet, (as the caterpillar to the leaf which it devoureth,) and become an honest and useful citizen; and, after that, I hope that, with care and instruction, thou mayst become as expert an angler as may be. I give thee hearty welcome and great joy, most learned Scholiast, that thou, forsaking for a time thy musty manuscripts and mouldy folios, hast come with us to behold the loveliness of the day; to enjoy the wholesomeness of the fields; to listen with us to the music of the spheres, which is ever, my dear Scholiast, to be heard by the inner man when he holdeth communion with nature; to take with us a brace of fish; over which, when the day is done, we will make merry, and temper our mirth and smoking meal with deep draughts from the fountain of knowledge and the well of our host.

SCHOLIAST: I thank thee for thy kind reception, my good Piscator; and truly I deem if it be good to take fish, it were better to go to the field and the brook shaded with alder and beautiful with margent honeysuckle, than to take them, as did the later Romans, from artificial rivulets in their mansions; for it was luxury and not philosophy that invented fish-pools, as Seneca truly saith; and luxury is a rust to the soul, and the ruin of a nation. Yea, I do thank thee that thou hast brought me to the angle with these honest gentlemen. To mingle with men and nature, at times, I hold to be good; for they be two other volumes which God hath given us beside His holy word. He who of all men hath kissed that coal of inspiration which the angel held, also declareth that 'whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or conversing, may be fitly called our *book*, and is of the same effect that writings are.' Books temperately used are good, but they may be made a luxury, and hurtful to the sanity of the intellect. Therefore is their occasional abandonment for wholesome recreation beneficial. And though Plutarch affirmeth that fishing 'is a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, and not worth the labor;' and though Plato saith: 'O friends! never may any desire or love of fishing by sea, or of fishing with a hook, seize you; nor, generally, of laboring to catch any aquatic animals;' then continuing, and a little after classing angling and piracy together. 'May no desire ever come upon you to catch men at sea, nor to rob them;' and, farther on, in the same strain, as may be read in his laws, B. vii., ch. 23; yet I esteem that they have only inveighed against it as a constant employment, and that, as a relaxation, they do not condemn it. Therefore I say again, that I am much beholden to thee, O Piscator! and to these worthy gentlemen, that I find myself in such fair company, going to the angle.

PISCATOR: Sooth to say, your ancient philosophers I utterly abomi-

nate, who decry so harmless a sport. For look you, good Scholiast, and you, my scholars, is there aught suggestive of evil in a fish? On the contrary, Brillat Savarin saith: 'I entertain for the fish a feeling akin to respect, which arises from the firm conviction that they are *ante-diluvians*; for the deluge which drowned our *grands-oncles* was for them only a time of conquest and festivity.' True it is that Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Urn-Burial,' holdeth that they were destroyed wholly or in part; but as to that, which is neither here nor there, I affirm we may think as seemeth best to us. Then, if there be nothing in the fish itself morally deleterious, surely in going through the fields to take them there can be no harm; for there is nothing hurtful in the broad and heaven-canopied champaigns. Therefore do I say that your learned pagans have done our gentle craft wrong. The Christian sentiment was far different. When tribute was demanded of our SAVIOUR, to whom did he go for money? To man? No, but to the mute and generous fish, which knew its LORD. Were not certain of the disciples fishers, never forgetting and ever honoring the excellent art? With what title did the REDEEMER invest those whom he had crowned with the most glorious of diadems? *Fishers* of men! Are not all anglers honest to a proverb? Was not old Izaak Walton a pattern of a meek and devoted Christian? Doth not Democritus, Jr., commend it as a cure for melancholia? adding beautifully: 'And if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook-side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow-flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds.' But enough. And were not fish given to man for his good? What though the fisher should haply take too great store, (whereof the Susquehanna angler need have but little fear,) may he not bestow them on some poor person, and thus waste not what God hath made? Therefore do I say a murrain on your old philosophers, who condemn that which our LORD hath approved, which His disciples delighted in, which purges melancholy from 'bosoms black as death,' which maketh men honest and Christian-like, and which may confer, through the good fortune and good heart of the fisher, happiness upon the poor in worldly goods.

SCHOLIAST: Heaven forefend that I should say aught against the innocent art of the angler; for I much affect and reverence all things which have a smack of antiquity. An old author affirmeth that 'the art of angling is truly sayd to come from the sonnes of Seth, of whom Noah was most principall. Thus you see it is good, as having no coherence with evil; worthy of use, inasmuch as it is mixt with a delightful profit; and most ancient, as being the recreation of the first patriarkes.' Fishing with hooks was not a novelty in the time of Job, B.C. 1520. The earliest mention, however, made of the art which now occurs to me is that of Diodorus Siculus. He says that Mæris, king of Egypt, constructed a lake called by his name, which, beside being made to subserve its original design—that of irrigation—was stocked with fish, which became the source of great revenue. Champollion assigns to this king as late a date as B.C. 1500. But more modern archæologists, sustaining Manethonic dynasties by the monumental history of Egypt, affirm, and with great plausibility, that the Mæris of the Greeks and Romans was

the Apappus of Erastosthenes, and the Phioips of Manetho, who reigned, according to Lepsius, between 2960 and 3150, or, according to Bunsen, near 3074 before the Christian era.

PISCATOR : I am glad that thou art so versed in our gentle craft, for I love as well to talk of as to practise it ; though few fishermen are famous for learning. What a glory there lies upon the bosom of the river this morning !

POETA : There is a bard who hath lately, in his ' New Pastoral,' paid a handsome tribute to its beauty. After characterizing the various classic waters of Europe, he sings, with a burst of generous enthusiasm, that, for all their story, they are not

' HALF so fair as thy broad stream, whose breast
Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
Shall yet become, among the names of rivers,
A synonym of beauty — Susquehanna !'

PISCATOR : He could have had no better theme. But though we may talk we will walk no farther ; for this is a lovely place, and most notable fish are caught here. Let us put in our lines, and *set* our poles, and stretch ourselves upon this bed of violets. How sweet comes the air to us over the dew and flowers ! Look you, scholars ; you must not step over my rod, or we shall none of us get a shiner. How beautifully the clouds do hang upon that hill ; and, yonder, see how that isle, with its posied banks doth dispart the stream !

POETA : Sweetly the isle doth seem to smile, as, crowned with spring-time flowers, she lies a-dream beside the stream, beneath her wild-wood bowers. The glorious hills, whose presence fills the heavens all before us ; the sun and field and cloud all yield a rapture round and o'er us.

VENATOR : Prithee, good my master, do we not stay too far from our lines ? I cannot see them.

PISCATOR : Fear not, my scholar ; the fish which swim herein are very shy and deliberate. Some old fishers affirm that they be dainty, and will not so much as nibble till the bait be well soaked with water. And much do I believe them ; for I have known some verdant anglers who were always beating the stream with pulling up and throwing in their lines, to wander up and down the banks for two days without so much as feeling a bite ; who have, therefore, ignorantly declared that there be no fish here. But, good scholar, if you shall only wait, (and the Susquehanna angler must have great store of patience,) you shall see there be divers and good kinds, which shall repay you with their savory flesh for the not unpleasant hours which you must pass before you shall have them in your basket.

VENATOR : Look you, master, my pole hath fallen ; it may be some large fish hath dragged it in. Aye, I have one. Nay, but my line is fast !

PISCATOR : Softly, good scholar. Pull not so hard, lest perchance you break your twine. Set your pole again and come hither. It may be some large fish hath taken your bait, and ran under a stone. If so be, he will come shortly out, and you shall lose nothing but time, for which the Susquehanna angler careth not a fig. Some there be who

say that this river aboundeth with a very large and strong fish, which taketh great delight in pestering the honest fisher, by seizing the line between his teeth and curling his tail around a root or stick, and holding thereto until the twine be broken. But as I have never seen one, and as they seem to be most plenty about sunken trees and timber, I seriously incline to doubt them. Yet, if it be not true, it is but a harmless bit of pleasantry, which is allowable to our gentle craft; though no Susquehanna angler will tell large stories, much less lie.

SCHOLIAST: Now bethink thee, worthy Piscator, to tell me of the fish of this river, and the method of taking them, which I deem to be strange, and full of good moral teaching.

PISCATOR: In good sooth, with trees waving above us, and the sweet smell of the blossoms around us, I had forgotten. But hark! 'tis the thrush piping his melancholy strain. How it rises and falls upon the ear, like ripples on the shore! A fine bird this thrush, and I call him the trout of the woods.

SCHOLIAST: 'Tis a sweet song, indeed. Perhaps it proceedeth from one of those wonderful fish called the poiciliæ, which, according to Philostephanus, in his treatise on extraordinary rivers, sing like thrushes, and are found in the river Aroanius. And this, I deem, may be very true; for Mnaseas of Patra holds that the fish in the river Clitor are not dumb. Aristotle, also, says that the scarus and the river-hog have voices. Later and very modern similar accounts are not unfrequent. An old fisher, a most honest and erudite man, but a few days since told me that, having by stealth drawn near a large brook-trout, he was arrested from taking it by a low whistle proceeding apparently from the fish. He furthermore said, that thereupon he placed his head close to the water near the trout, and listened to the sound for about fifteen minutes, and that it was like a low and gurgling whistle, and withal very musical; and that at length he scared the fish, and thereupon the sound ceased.

PISCATOR: I am not loth to give thee my belief, most worthy Scholiast, for without an implicit marvellousness, what were the honest fisher? But it is a full hour now that our lines have been in. My hook hath not been touched. 'Tis pleasant fishing here, and we have not to bait, which is at best a cruel and nasty business.

VENATOR: By my troth! my line is fast yet, and I cannot draw it loose.

PISCATOR: 'Tis a strong cord; let us pull together.

VENATOR: By 'r Lady! master, we have a glorious tumble. But 'tis a soft soil, and I pray you are not hurt.

PISCATOR: Nay, 'tis but slightly I feel it. But had not my rod broken as I fell upon it, I think it had more sorely grieved my back.

VENATOR: By my halidom! we must be wary how we tread; for, lo! I am in this mud up to my knees, and, 'sdeath and blood! one of my boots comes off.

PISCATOR: Beseech thee, good Venator, swear not so terribly; for fish be much frightened at thunder and oaths. Pray let me help you. And now that you are safely over, I will to yonder brake and cut me a new pole; and in the mean time, fit a new line to your own.

VENATOR : 'T is a fair but crooked rod you have chosen, master.

PISCATOR : Therefore the better ; since the Susquehanna fish have fear of a straight one. But now let us hence. Come, worthy Scholiast, and thou, worthless Poeta, draw up. Ah ! you have caught nothing. Well, the art of the angle is not learned in a day ; 't is the work of years. We will seek some other place, where haply we may take great store.

POETA : Good master, how pleasant is this your life. To walk along the banks, and meditate upon your gentle art, or list the plough-boy whistle in the furrow, or the fair maidens sing merry roundelays. Oh ! 't is very good at times to be alone : and this reminds me of some old verses which my memory keeps :

' WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known ;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with fantasies sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

' When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys beside are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

There be more verses, but I do not recall them now.

PISCATOR : I am much beholden to you for those fair verses. They run smoothly as a fish in deep water. See how the flies are dotting up the stream ; I wonder the chubs do not snap at them : but 't is like they are not hungry.

POETA : How gracefully the willows here do bend over the stream, wetting their long shining locks. This is the loveliest place of all.

PISCATOR : Yes ; and there be most notable bull-heads caught here. Let us set our poles, and sit down in this quiet shade and eat our lunch.

VENATOR : Bless me ! good master, but we have forgot our baskets.

PISCATOR : Verily, we have. 'T is but a short mile or two back where we left them, and it will be but pleasant recreation for thee and Poeta to wander that way and bring them hither.

Mark with what good will they go. They be very simple-minded men, having a most plebeian liking for labor. And now they are gone, for they are pestilent fellows, tell me, I pray, thinkest thou the ancients can be accounted expert anglers ?

SCHOLIAST : Wherefore not ? Athenæus says : ' It is natural for fishermen to be proud of their skill, even to a greater degree than the most expert generals.' He refers also to Cæcilius, Numenius, Panerates, Posedonius, and Oppianus as writers of heroic poems about fishing, and to Selencus, Leonidas of Byzantium, and Agathocles as prose-essayists upon the same subject. The Greeks and Romans made great ado over fish, and even some of the philosophers were epicures in this respect.

PISCATOR : Is it true those mighty men did trouble themselves about what they should eat and drink? I had thought that divesting themselves of all the desires and longings of the flesh, they retired into the inmost recesses of philosophical profundity to speculate in the darkness, since they could not walk in the light without stumbling.

SCHOLIAST : True? Most surely. Is there aught debasing or sinful in a good dinner? Have not Plato, Xenophon, and Epicurus entitled some of their works 'The Banquet,' wherein they represent the learned as taking in good victuals and wisdom together? Have not Aristotle, Xenophanes, and Spensippus written drinking-songs? Why should not the wise be versed in gastronomy? Truly do I esteem him a sage who said that '*he who discovers a new dish confers greater benefits upon mankind than he who discovers a new star.*' Once upon a time, a certain bedizened fop of a lord, who saw Des Cartes at a table eagerly devouring some delicacy, would take him to task therefor, saying sneeringly : 'Is it possible that you savans can trouble yourselves about such trifles?' 'What!' exclaimed the old philosopher, 'do you think the good things of this world were made only for fools?' Nay, I have deemed that they who have come down to us as despising good cheer only affected it. Plato, the comic writer, verifies me in this; for, in his 'Saint Deceiver,' he maketh two of his characters speak thus :

'Father. — To live well
Must be to rightly live. Is it not so?
Tell me, I pray thee, hast thou ever seen
Any philosopher confused with wine,
Or overtaken with these joys of yours?

'Sophist. — Aye, all of them. Those who lift up their brows
Who look most solemn in the promenades,
And in their daily conversation;
Who turn their eyes away in high disdain
If you put plaice or turbot on their board,
Know, for all that, the fish's daintiest part,
Seek out the head, the fins, the sound, the roe,
And make men marvel at their gluttony.' — *Athen., B. III., 61.*

PISCATOR : Zooks! how thou talkest! Discourse to me more of these ancients; for I love marvellously well to hear of them. Did they live, like us, on fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetable? Prithee proceed while Poeta and Venator be gone; for they are not over-erudite, and little given to scholarship.

SCHOLIAST : I thank thee for thy kind request, and thou shalt not be more willing to hear than I to speak. But before I set these ancients to eating, I will have all things relating to a repast properly prepared.

The first essays of mankind in gastronomic usages were very rude and simple. The custom of accubation did not obtain until a comparatively late day. The Jews sat at their meals, until near the time of Jeremiah, B.C. 600. The Egyptians sat at as an advanced period in their history as the time of Joseph. As regards the Greeks, Professor Becker, in his 'Charicles,' says: 'In the historic period, the practice was to recline at meals, though in the heroic ages a sitting posture was customary; but it is not known at what time the change took place.' Probably the change was not sudden but gradual, as it must

necessarily have been. The custom, however, was one of the *Persian corruptions*, and if to its introduction into Greece we assign the date of B.C. 500, we shall not greatly err. The Romans received this *boon* from the Carthaginians about the year B.C. 260. Thus we see that custom, so at variance with our ideas of ease and comfort, originating in that land of mystery and monuments, slowly extending its baneful influences from nation to nation, over the 'whole world,' which Augustus decreed 'should be taxed,' until the debauches and excesses incident to it called forth the fulminations of Christian ministers, causing its abandonment near the close of the third century of the Christian era.

PISCATOR: Soft you, Scholiast, I have a nibble, which the Susquehanna angler esteemeth as much as a bite. I will go and pull softly on my pole, lest the silly fish take off my bait; for, by the trembling of my rod, he is but a small one. A murrain on him! 'T was but a big dragon-fly sitting on the end buzzing his wings, as if he cared for naught but to pester the honest fisher. Proceed, I pray thee.

SCHOLIAST: This *lectisternium*, as it was termed by the Romans, made the dinner-bed, the *triclinium*, a necessary part of household furniture. These couches at first were nothing more than a species of bench covered with skin, stuffed with straw or rushes. But luxury soon changed their construction and rude appearance. Becker, in his 'Gallus,' gives a description of these *triclinia* in the time of Augustus, as follows: 'Around a beautiful table, covered with cedar-wood, stood elegant sofas, inlaid with tortoise-shell; the lower part decked with white hangings, embroidered with gold, and the pillows, which were stuffed with the softest wool, covered with gorgeous purple.' The same author, in his 'Charicles,' refers to this same clause for a description of the *triclinia* of the Greeks. To such a pitch was extravagance carried in these matters, that we find Ptolemy Philadelphus possessed of two hundred golden couches, with feet made like sphinxes. So, also, we read that Antiochus, for a regal banquet, had fifteen hundred *triclinia* all laid in the most expensive manner. The dinner-beds stood in the middle of the room, forming three sides of a hollow square, inside of which the tables were placed in the same manner. The servants entering within this square at the open end, were enabled to wait upon those eating with great facility. For ordinary entertainments among the Romans but three couches were used, upon each of which but three were permitted to recline. The *élite* declared that a repast should not consist of a less number than the Graces, nor of more than the Muses. They had, however, a quaint proverb unfavorable to so large a party as nine; it turns on a play of words:

'Septem convivium, Novem convicium facere.'

An elegant Roman, meeting a friend, expressed his sorrow that he could not invite him to dine, 'because my *number* is complete.' The Greeks allowed but two upon a triclinium, unless under extraordinary circumstances. No particular number of guests was requisite among them; though Archestratus, (a philosopher worthy the name of cook, as a quaint essayist hath it,) in opening his epic on Good-Eating, *sings*:

'I WRITE these precepts for immortal Greece,
That round a table delicately spread,
Or three, or four may sit in choice repast,
Or five, at most. Who otherwise shall dine
Are like a troop marauding for their prey.'

These precepts were not, however, imperative; for at Plato's banquet there were twelve, and at Xenophon's a less number; and these, we may assume, were models of Attic propriety. Inside the triclinia were the tables, as I have said; and all the representations which we have of ancient meals show the board lower than the couch. But soft, my good Piscator, I hear music. 'T is some fair milk-maid singing for glee.

PISCATOR: Happy indeed is she! happy in her rustic ignorance. Still is her heart unfettered, unless Love hath bound it in his pleasant bonds; nature and its beauties have never palled upon her senses; and a new world of love and beauty, flooded with sun-shine and music, opens upon her with every dawning. Custom hath not formed her; manners have not moulded her; fashion hath not vizarded her; gentility hath not belied her; boarding-schools have not stultified her. No. DIVINITY made her, Nature educated her, and honesty, virtue, and content are her garments and her glory. Oh! happy, happy indeed are they who know nothing of the thrice-blanch'd leprosy of worldliness! Tell me, Scholiast, why are the wise always grave? Is it not for that, for ever eating of the forbidden fruit, they find sorrow at the core?

SCHOLIAST: 'T is very like, 't is very like; but to know is to be like God.

PISCATOR: Yea; but to *learn* is to be unlike; and, since we can never cease to learn, we can never know. I am a simple man, most sage Scholiast, and it ill-beseemeth me thus to dispute with thee. Pri-thee keep me no longer from thy erudite discourse.

SCHOLIAST: We will now suppose the feast prepared, and that the guests have arrived. After saluting the host, they entered the bath. The custom of bathing and anointing seems to be more ancient than that of accubation; for Homer says, in *Odyss. viii.*:

'A TRAIN attends
Around the baths, the bath the King ascends;
(Untasted joy since that disastrous hour
He sailed, defeated, from CALYPSO's bower.)
He bathes, the damsels with officious toil
Shed sweets, shed unguents in a shower of oil.
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads.'

Again, he says of Telemachus and his companion:

'FROM room to room their eager view they bend,
Then to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend.'

So Xenophon, in his '*Banquet*,' says: 'After having done bathing and anointing, as was the custom before meals, they went into the eating-room.' So Petronius Arbiter, the favorite of Nero, in his '*Satyricon*,' says: 'It would have taken too long to note every particular, so we entered the bath. . . . As for Trimalchio, after being sluiced with per-

fumes, he was rubbed dry.' Among the Greeks the bath was dispensed with, and ablutions in the dining-room substituted, as we sometimes read, and see depicted. The bath being completed, and the ointments and perfumes rendering the guests as savory and unctuous as possible, they were provided with slippers; and frequently, among the wealthy with cenatory garments, of a light and fanciful color, beautifully embroidered. Thus cleansed, scented, and habited, the banquet-hall was entered.

PISCATOR: Hold thou there, most learned Scholiast, until I pull up the poles of our comrades. 'Tis near two hours they have been set. Aha! there is no bait on Poeta's hook. Either he forgot to put it on, or some fish hath taken it; most likely the former. Perhaps 'tis a trick which he hath to lure some strange fish; therefore I will set it again. Bless me! I have a fish on Venator's hook; a poor little fishling, not so big as your little finger, so weak it could not make the float to bob. I think I will not take it off, for Venator will have much joy to pull it out; and beside, some larger fish, seeing this one, may make bold to seize the hook, for there have been rumors of pickerel hereabouts. How close the air is about us, and so loaded with fragrance that the sweetness is oppressive. The swallows fly low, and dip their wings in the waters; and now that the birds are hushed, the frogs begin to pipe their strain. Hist! I hear the young thunders rollicking over the western hills. We shall have a shower anon. Therefore hasten thy discourse.

SCHOLIAST: The guests then took their places at the table upon the triclinia. There being usually three in the houses of the Romans; the first (or *summus*) and middle (or *medius*) beds were for guests, the lowest (or *imus*) for the master of the establishment and his family, he lying in the first place of the last bed, next to the last place of the middle. The most honorable guest was assigned the last place of the middle bed, next to the master; with this exception the first place was deemed that of honor in every bed. Confirmatory of this, Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Pseudodoxia Epidemica,' and Becker, in his 'Exensus on the Banquet,' in Gallus, cite the language of Sallust, describing the feast made by Perpenna unto Sertorius, at which the General was assassinated: '*Igitur discubuerunt, Sertorius inferior in medio lecto supra Fabius; Antonio in summo; Infra scriba Sertorii Versius; alter scriba Mecenas in imo, medius inter Tarquitium, et dominum Perpennam.*' Plutarch says Antony lay next Sertorius; but upon this point he is at variance with Sallust and Seneca. The guests being thus disposed, reclined leaning upon the left elbow, the back being advanced and supported by a pillow. The second lay with his back to the first, in such a manner that his head attained about the bosom of his fellow; and thus it was at the Last Supper, John leaned upon the bosom of our SAVIOUR. The rest took similar positions. The place of honor at Grecian banquets was second upon the first (*summus*) bed, next the master. The women sat upon the triclinia of the Greeks, and this was practicable, as their tables were small and numerous; but it was otherwise among the Romans, whose tables were one and continuous. The

women of the latter mixed up promiscuously with the men, according to affection or favor, as Juvenal says :

'Gremio jacuit, nova nupta marite.'

Sentonius says that Caligula at his feasts placed successively in order below him his sisters, with whom he lived in a criminal manner. What the moral effects of this custom were must be very evident. The modern Archestratus says : ' Il faut croire aussi qu'il se fausait par-ci par-la quelques outrages à la pudeur, dans des repas où l'on dépassait fréquemment les bornes de la tempérance, sur des lits où les deux sexes étaient mêlés, et où il n'était pas rare de voir une partie des convives endormis.' So Cicero, in the II. in Cat, (this and the preceding sentence standing better in the original, I do not translate) : ' Qui mihi accubantes in conviviis, complexi mulieres impudicas, vino languidi, confecti cibo, sertis redimiti, unguentis obliti, debilitati strupis, eructant sermonibus suis cædum bonorum, atque urbis incendia.' Furthermore, you may read of this, if it be your like, in the conclusion of Trimalchio's banquet, as given in the tenth chapter of the Satyricon.

THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

The rosy sun-set's latest blush
On lofty spar and snowy sail,
Glow's like the evanescent ~~fish~~
That lights Consumption's features pale:
The pennon from the slim mast-head
Streams out its tongue of scarlet glow;
A cloud of canvas is out-spread,
The dripping anchor climbs the prow;
From busy wharf and crowded pier
Reverberates the parting cheer;
And bending to the freshening breeze,
The sharp prow leaneth to the seas.

And those who stay, and those who part,
Brother and sister, child and sire,
Oh! when will they meet, heart to heart,
In happy homes, by household fire?
Weeks, months may roll their weary way,
Long years in slow succession pass;
Those golden locks be turned to gray,
Or sink in age beneath the grass;
Yet still those exiles may delay;
And they who wait along the shore,
In bitterness of heart deplore
The absent, that return no more!

The brave ship melteth fast from sight,
Beneath the deepening shades of night;
The sea-boys on the rocking mast
On the dim shore have looked their last,
And only the black surge behold,
And moon and stars of spangled gold.
Fast clinging to the slippery spar,
Through spray and tears that dim their eye,
They fancy in each burning star
The light of home they can descry.
In vain the hoarse-voiced seamen call,
In vain the tumbling billows roar;
On Fancy's ear there only fall
The last fond accents of the shore!

On speeds the ship. With tattered sail
She bravely battlETH with the gale;
Her ribs of oak, her bands of steel
Tremble from bulwark-height to keel;
Yet like an iron-clad knight she braves
Triumphant, the assaulting waves.
What though the wild, tempestuous night
Enfold her with its solemn gloom?
What though the breakers, ghastly white,
Menace inevitable doom?
What though the rigging snap like threads,
And the broad main-sail rend in shreds?
Safe on their path the wanderers roll
O'er sunken rock and treacherous shoal.

On speeds the ship. A southern sky
Bends o'er them its celestial dome;
Soft, sparkling waters greet the eye,
And gentle breezes fan the foam;
A spicy breath from groves of palm,
Laden with aromatic balm,
Blows o'er them, mingled with perfume
Of golden fruit and honeyed bloom;
Green shores adorned with tropic woods,
Gay grottoes, island solitudes;
Savannahs, where palmettos screen
The Indian's hut with living green,
All like a weird, delicious dream
On their enchanted senses beam.

In San-Francisco's placid bay
They furl at last the storm-torn sail;
And forth the exiles take their way
To San-Joaquin's sultry vale;
Or where the cliffs gleam cold and pale,
And SHASTER'S mountain-torrents pour;
And there in gulch and gorge they toil;
On river-bars they delve the soil,
To sift the precious golden ore.
And there shall end each giddy dream
That lured them far from home and friend;
There end the vision's dazzling gleam,
That cheats so many to their bier;
There end the vain, delusive scheme,
With the lone burial and the tear!

New-York, April, 1855.

H A V A N A S E G A R - S M O K E .

IN THE CITY.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

'From thence we went to Havana, the first sight of which agreeably surprised me. We lodged altogether in one khan, and I had the view of a city that was large, populous, full of handsome people, and well fortified. We employed some days in walking up and down the delicious gardens that surrounded it; and we all agreed that Havana was justly said to be seated in a paradise.'

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Now don't say, 'Pshaw! the *fellers* that wrote that book never heard of Havana.' Who said they did? I only substituted Havana for Damascus; and what is more, all through this article, intend to do just as I please. My friend Brick, who appeared in the May number of this Magazine, having engaged too freely in the attractions offered at the capital of this 'ever-faithful island,' is now *hors du combat*, or we 'count him out,' and has engaged me to handle the papers for him; and since he can't give in his experience, here goes for mine. Beautiful Cuba!

If on your first visit to Havana — with information of hotel-life gleaned only from the Revere, St. Nicholas, or St. Charles — you expect to find accommodations similar to these, great will be your disappointment; but if you have prepared your mind by the diligent perusal of such sketches of the island as 'the low, radical, vulgar, literary' men have from time to time set forth, you will find the scant-furnished rooms of the Havana hotels exactly in keeping with the requirements of the climate. Not but what there are days when a prevailing 'norther' would make you long for the comfortable carpets, and all that sort of thing, appertaining to a rugged climate; but then they are so few that in this capital of 'The *Isola Bella* of the Carribean,' as B — calls Cuba, there is only an occasional hint at such a thing as frost. Be that as it may, I found the cement floor of my chamber, the unglazed windows, the X bedstead, with only a thin mattress, but a thick mosquito-bar; the one chair, one writing-table, one wash-stand, one looking-glass, yes! pitcher and bowl; two yards and a half of Canton matting — amply sufficient furniture. Beside, if a friend called on me, hadn't I a very large trunk to offer him — for a chair? *Vamos!* It's just as well to introduce a few Spanish words, they round off a sentence.

This is my first morning in Havana. Were I asked to candidly write down my first impressions in two words and a half, they should be *Moorish*. *White-wash*. Having taken an inventory of the furniture I was temporarily master of in my chamber, and 'toiletted,' I descended to the *sala* or hall, and in a few minutes the breakfast-bell rang. Waiting for the ladies to sail past me. What a delightful air of comfort there was in those light, flowing, muslin morning-dresses! What attractions in the dark eyes, and darker tresses! Beautiful Cuba! I

took my seat at table in front of strange dishes. An old friend at my right hand, in the shape of a bottle of red wine, I cheerfully greeted, and poured a part of him into the half-filled goblet of ice and water. Beautiful Cuba! We drank *santé* to the fried bananas, roasted yams, eternal fried eggs, and I can't tell the names of how many more dishes, winding up all with a cup of coffee and roll. Breakfast finished, the next thing was a segar, and now, said I, let us see the Havana, that I am going to *smoke*. For years I've been puffing away at Figaros, Portagas, Flor de Cabañas, and I do n't know how many more brands, including Neptunos, Æsculapios, and Higueras; let me go out into the highways and invite the *canaille* in — the nameless segars, the unbranded ones — and give *them* a trial. As I walked out of the hotel into the street, the intense lightness and brightness of the sun-light almost blinded me. I looked for the side-walk; in the *Calle Inquisidor*, at the corner of the *Calle de Luz*, there was none. What was I to do? Such a thing as a street without a side-walk was hard to understand. Luckily I remembered the 'Irishman' who found 'the middle of the street the best side of the way,' and siding with him, I boldly struck out. But all my calculations were knocked on the head, and I just escaped a similar fate from a *volante*, which, dashing up behind me — the street not being paved, its approach was unheard — just gave me time to jump aside as it whirled past. A very odd affair is a *volante*, especially at first sight. If Callot, in one of his wildest fantasies, had drawn one, I should not have been astonished. But then they are so comfortable to ride in! Granted; and the long shafts, and the high wheels, and the old-fashioned chaise-body, and the driver, who rides horseback, all covered with trimmings, and the many silver-buckles, are forgotten as you dash along, making the street-walkers fly right and left. Beautiful Cuba! Oh! what a contrivance it would be for New-York. What a great assistant in *reforms*. B —, who is a great philanthropist, when he first saw a *volante* — I was with him at the time — clutched me convulsively by the arm. 'At last,' said he, 'I see a worthy object of compassion. My energies shall all be devoted to purchasing that vehicle, horse, and nigger, conveying them to New-York, and then *liberating* them on Broadway. What office do you suppose they'll elect me to, in compensation?' The *quitrin* or the *volante* is to the *Habanera* what a bonnet is to an American lady; she can't go out of doors without it. The narrowness of the side-walks in the Havana streets, and 'old custom' prevent the Havana lady walking out, and thus the *volantes* are always in demand. In wealthy families, one *volante* is always in waiting, ready to start wherever the ladies' fancy leads them; and often each lady in the house has her own private vehicle. In a little pamphlet called '*Pasatiempo de las Damas en la Isla de Cuba*,' you will find in that part of it called 'The New Oracle,' the following question:

'*Con que contentaré á mi amada?*
What will content my lady-love?'

A very knotty question, and which, if well solved, I thought the book-

seller deserved the *peseta* he asked for the book. It gives seven answers. We will take the first :

*‘ En sosteniéndola quitrin,
Contenta la tendrás sin fin.
In keeping for her a quitrin,
Ever contented she ’ll be seen.’*

Which answer shows what a *quitrin* will do, and is more gallant than another to the same question :

*‘ Aunque la mujer es mueble de lujo,
Prueba con tasago brujo.’ **

Consider me walking all this time past houses with front-doors large enough for the *volante* to drive in and out, with windows ten or twelve feet high, and five or six broad, with iron bars, *à la* menagerie, from top to bottom ; inside shutters, *à la* New-York, and the aforesaid windows reaching within a foot of the ground ; construct these houses of stone-walls, two feet thick, and then blue, yellow, or pink-wash them outside ; make them two stories high, and, as it is now about eleven o’clock in the morning, shut the shutters tight, so that you can see nothing of the interior, and let us walk down the shady side of the *Calle de Mercaderes*. I see a segar-shop ; there is a Murillo-like tone in all its colors, save the white wrappers of *cigarritos* ; four or five men are rolling up *tabacos*, and in I go, buy a bundle of segars, just tied up in ribbon of one of the two national colors, yellow or red — (think of this, reader, when next you open a box) — and, fresh as grass, light it and start out. There is an aroma about these nameless segars reminding one of coffee made by the *Acadiens* of Louisiana ; if you are nervous, don’t smoke them. Go to Carvajal, in the *Calle de San Ignacio*, or any other good manufacturer, choose segars *Pajizo* color, and be satisfied.

And now having a bundle of segars for a companion, and with all faith in *ounces*, *pesos*, *pesetas*, and *reales* for guides, let’s see the city. Came to the *Calle de Obispo*, looked up and down, saw a large building to my right hand, turned toward it. It’s the Governor’s palace, and in front of it the beautiful square, or *Plaza de Armas* ; but the sun’s rays are too hot to allow a walk there now, although I feel an intense desire to stand under palm-trees and do the Oriental for a few minutes. Walk on, however, keeping in the shade as much as possible, and, after turning up a street, see at its corner a sign I’ve heard of before, ‘ *La Dominica*.’ Oh ! yes ! that’s the place, and in I go to refresh. Well, a *café* is about the same thing from Cape-Cod to Jerusalem, the only difference is in the traveller ; and as this sage observation flowed through my brains, having lit a fresh segar, disposed of a bottle of Scotch ale, and bought a lot of Dominica tickets, I was slowly making my way along the street, when a grave-looking old gentleman, in a clean shirt and straw-hat, waved his hand for a light, murmuring ‘ *Candela*.’ He took the segar, and having succeeded in striking a light in one corner of it, gave it back, saying : ‘ Sir, I am very much obliged to you ;’ and this he did without speaking a word ! It was done by a

* Translate this for yourself ; I’m out of dictionary.

certain turn of the hand as he gave back the segar. How it's done, I can't tell. I practised one afternoon with B —, the result of which was the burning of two fingers and some reversed blessings, but no poetry of motion.

There is a pleasant little walk — *Cortina de Valdes* — along the harbor, not far from *La Dominica*; over the water the Moro Castle and the fort Cabañas look down on you; opposite is the little town of Casa Blanca, where Captain Canot saw a few slavers; while off in the harbor lie vessels at anchor. Turning from here, in a short walk, you are in the noble old Cathedral, the burial-place of Columbus, who, not having had the foresight of Shakespeare, or his ability to curse, has in consequence had his remains moved about from one place to another, till at last they have brought his ashes here. An urn containing them is placed in the wall to the right of the main altar, and before it on a marble slab is a bust, in *basso relieve*, of the 'Giver of a New World,' under which, in gilt letters, you read:

'O! RESTOS y imagen del grande Colon,
Mil siglos durad guardados en la urna.
Y en la remembrancia de nuestra nacion.'

The exterior of the Cathedral, with its sombre hue and time-worn look, hardly prepare you for the brightness of its interior decorations; awaking few religious sentiments except, perhaps, an adoration for some animate ornaments of the church, who kneel here and there on the marble pavement.

The Bishop's Gardens, though sadly neglected, still form for the stranger a beautiful overture to the abundant wealth of tropical vegetation. Beneath the shade of feathery palms, under bread-fruit trees, along alleys of bamboos and unpickled mangoes, by sheets of water, where rose-red lilies float, and by the running stream that skirts the broad walk, I wandered one sun-lit morning. The fresh land-breeze stole softly through the foliage, fanning my face; bright flowers bloomed in the gay parterre in front of the ruined house; birds winged their way across the shaded walks. Beautiful Cuba! I saw no trail there of that 'old serpent' which disturbed Miss Bremer in Cuba; the only approach to 'a snake in the grass' was a very old negro, who rose slowly out of a clump of rose-bushes as I passed the parterre. Had he told me he was a black eunuch, sent to conduct me to the palace of 'Schemselnihar,' or down into a hole in the ground, where a big genii sat guarding a treasure, I was in the mood to follow him anywhere, and believe every thing. But he only asked for segars. Viewing his extreme age and infirmities, I gave him a 'quarter,' which, after attentively turning over, he handed back, shaking his head and mumbling: '*No me gusta, Señor!*' (No go, Sir.)* I took it, found that it was an American piece, and gave him a veritable *real fuerte*, or shilling; great was his joy thereat. What a possession is wisdom, 'specially arithmetical! The aged negro stirred up the animals confined in the cages, and said, pointing to a savage-looking brute of the tom-cat-tiger

* NEVER mind, the time's coming when these chaps will be glad to get 'quarter.'—NOTE BY B —.

species, that he could put his arm into the cage, and the animal would not bite it. I looked at his arm, and believed him. On the ride out to these gardens, you pass many beautiful private residences, their carefully-tended grounds filled with beautiful flowers, at least at this time of year.

The Market-Places in the Havana offer attractions to the stranger by the variety, queer shapes, and colors of fruits, vegetables, etc. To look at them, one seems to realize the magic fish, flesh, fruit, and other fancy articles of the 'Arabian Nights.' Of a truth, Cuba is Nature's paint-box.

Toward sun-set, it is pleasant to ride out in *volante* or *quitrin* (the only difference that I notice between them is, that the *quitrin* has a movable top, while the *volante* has a stationary one) to the *Paseo de Tacon*, roll along this splendid road, admire the fountains, statues, trees, and the beautiful señoras as they ride by — particularly the latter. Then to the *Paseo de Isabella Segunda*, over which, too, a continuous line of vehicles roll leisurely, or rattle quickly along. The thunder of wheels dies away gradually after sunset, and then if you haven't the opera, or theatre, *tertulia*, or any thing else to attend to, ride to the *Plaza de Armas*, and listen to the military band performing there every night between eight and nine o'clock. If you like a sail or row in the harbor, it is but a short walk to the wharf, and I can assure you that there are a great many beauties in one of these night excursions over the harbor. Beautiful Cuba!

I don't believe that even Sir Charles Coldstream would have said, had he ever visited Cuba, that 'there was nothing in it.'

The curtain of black letters is falling over the white sheet. The play is over. You who have not visited Cuba, go there; for you know not how long it may be ere its romance yields to reality, or how soon some parodying Spaniard may sing:

'CARTAS le fueron venidas
Que Habana era ganada.
Las cartas echó en el fuego,
Y al mensajero matava.
Ay de mí, O! Cuba!'

'Letters to the monarch tell
How Havana's city fell.
In the fire the cards he sticked,
And the messenger he kicked.
Ah! my eye, oh! Cuba!'

LIFE AND DEATH: AN EXTRACT.

'Or! when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves when thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide fields revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her happy birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring!'

BYRON.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ODOHERTY PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. Annotated by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Editor of 'SHEIL'S Sketches of the Irish Bar,' 'The Noctes Ambrosianæ,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 757. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Number 34, Beekman-street.

IT was said truly of MAGINN, says the annotator of these two handsome volumes, in a brief and well-written preface, that he 'resembled SWIFT, not merely in his wit, but in the utter carelessness with which he regarded the fate of the productions of his genius. If they served the purpose of the moment, whether it were to make a minister tremble or a lady smile, the Doctor never troubled himself farther about his thunder or his jest. They might be claimed by any passer-by, for no one ever contributed more to the fame of others, or so completely disregarded his own. He had, adds Dr. MACKENZIE, 'what might be called a fatal facility of composition. The stores of his learning and knowledge were so vast that his memory ever found them exhaustless. The composition of a magazine-article, no matter what the subject, appeared to involve scarcely any thing more than the mere manual labor of putting it upon paper. He rarely had occasion to refer to authorities. He was a great reader, and what he once read, he never forgot. Few men were equal to him in conversation, though he was the reverse of a 'great talker.' It was the variety of topics upon which he threw light, and not the diffuseness of his remarks, which gave a proper idea of the wealth of his conversation. Meet him when you might, turn the discourse into whatever channel you pleased, he was master of every subject, the most recondite as well as the most familiar. He was careless of fame, and too fond of society and its temptations; yet all that he wrote was marked with originality and learning, wit and satire. His writings include a large range of subjects — poetry, politics, classics, antiquities, history, criticism, and fiction.'

The '*Odoherly Papers*,' of which the two volumes before us are composed, were mainly written for the pages of 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine.' Sel-dom has the reader encountered, in the same compass, such a wonderful variety of subject, and mode of handling the different themes. Humor and

satire, learning and sentiment, wit and wisdom, are scattered with a lavish hand through the entire work. As a keen observer of the 'ways of the world,' we can hardly recal MAGINN's superior. His 'Maxims' alternate from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe,' with most remarkable felicity. He must have been an accomplished *gourmet*, who knew the 'science of dining well,' in all its particulars. His eulogies of imbibition, and his learned dissertations upon its different varieties, must shock the sensibilities of the total-prohibitionists of our time. But omitting farther comment, let us pass to a few selections from the first volume, reserving the second, with its quaint classicality, and various entertainment, for consideration in our next number. We commence with a few of the 'Maxims,' pending which, read the account of their origin:

'I was one day in the Salopian Coffee-house, near Charing-Cross, taking a bowl of ox-tail soup, when a venerable and imposing-looking gentleman came in. The coffee-room of that house is small, and it so happened that every box was occupied — that is, had a gentleman, or two in it. The elderly gentleman looked about a little confused, and every body in the room gazed at him, without offering him a share of any table. Such is the politeness and affability of the English. I instantly rose and requested him to be seated opposite me. He complied with a bow; and, after he had ordered what he wanted, we fell into conversation. He was a thoughtful man, who delivered his sentences in a weighty and well-considered style. He did not say much, but what he did say was marked with the impress of thought. I found indeed that he was a man of only one reflection; but that was a great one. He cast his eye solemnly over the morning paper, which happened to contain the announcement of many bankruptcies. This struck the key-note of his one reflection. 'Sir,' said he to me, laying down the paper, and taking his spoon cautiously between his fingers, without making any attempt to lift it to his mouth, 'Sir, I have now lived in this world sixty-three years, through at least forty of which I have not been a careless or inattentive spectator of what has been passing around me; and I have uniformly found, when a man lives annually on a sum *less* than his year's income — say five hundred, or five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds — for the sum makes no difference — that *that* man's accounts are clear at the end of the twelvemonth, and that he does not run into debt. On the contrary, I have uniformly found, when a man lives annually on a sum *more* than his year's income — say five hundred, five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds — for the sum makes no difference — that *that* man's accounts are liable, at the end of the twelve-month, to get into confusion, and that it must end by his running into debt. Believe me, Sir, that such is the result of my forty and odd years' experience in the world.'

'The oracular gravity in which this sentence was delivered — for he paused between every word, I might say between every syllable, and kept the uplifted spoon all the time in suspense between the plate of mulligatawny and his lip, which did not receive the savory contents until the last syllable died away — struck me with peculiar emphasis, and I puzzled my brain to draw out, if possible, something equally profound to give in return. Accordingly, after looking straight across at him for a minute, with my head firmly imbedded on my hands, while my elbows rested on the table, I addressed him thus: 'Sir,' said I, 'I have only lived thirty-three years in the world, and cannot, of course, boast of the vast experience which you have had; neither have my reasoning faculties been exerted so laboriously as yours appear to have been; but from twenty years' consideration, I can assure you that I have observed it as a general rule, admitting of no exception, and thereby in itself forming an exception to a general rule, that if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford-street — for the street makes no difference, provided it be of sufficient length — without an umbrella or other defence against a shower, during a heavy fall of rain, he is inevitably wet; while, on the contrary, if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford-street — for the street makes no difference — during fine dry weather, he runs no chance whatever of being wet to the skin. Believe me, Sir, that such is the result of my twenty and odd years' experience in the world.'

'The elderly gentleman had by this time finished his soup. 'Sir,' said he, 'I agree with you. I like to hear rational conversation. Be so good as to give me your card. Here is mine; name an early day to dine with me. Waiter, what's to pay? Will you, Sir, try my snuff? I take thirty-seven. I wish you, Sir, a good morning.' So saying, he quitted the box, leaving me to ruminate upon the discovery made by a man who had lived sixty-three years in the world, and had observed its ways for forty and odd years

of that period. I thought with myself that I, too, if I set about it seriously to reflect, might perhaps come to something as striking and original.'

Have n't you encountered, reader, just such a solemn, stupid, pompous bore as this? *We* have, in our time, nor is the race by any means yet extinct. Very different is the oracularism of Mr. ODOHERY himself, as you shall presently see :

'A PUNSTER, during dinner, is a most inconvenient animal. He should therefore be immediately discomfited. The art of discomfiting a punster is this: Pretend to be deaf; and after he has committed his pun, and just before he expects people to laugh at it, beg his pardon, and request him to repeat it again. After you have made him do this three times, say, 'Oh! that is a pun, I believe.' I never knew a punster venture a third exhibition under similar treatment. It requires a little nicety, so as to make him repeat it in proper time. If well done, the company laugh at the punster, and then he is ruined for ever.'

'A FINE singer, after dinner, is a still greater bore, for he stops the wine. This we pardon in a slang or drinking-song, for such things serve as shoeing-horns to draw on more bottles, by jollifying your host; so that, though the supply may be slow, it is more copious in the end; but a fine song-singer only serves to put people in mind of tea. You therefore not only lose the circulation of the bottle while he is getting through his crotchets and quavers, but he actually tends to cut off the final supply. He, then, by all means, is to be discouraged. These fellows are always most insufferably conceited, so that it is not very easy to keep them down; but it is possible, nevertheless. One of the best rules is, as soon as he has sung the first verse, and while he is taking breath for the second, applaud him most vociferously, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table, that you admire the conclusion of this song very much. It is ten to one but his musical pride will take affront, and he will refuse to sing any more, saying or muttering something savage about your want of taste or politeness; for that, of course, you will not care three straws, having extinguished him. If the company press him to go on, you are safe, for he will then decidedly grow restive, to show his importance, and you will escape his songs for the rest of the evening.

'Or, after he has really done, and is sucking in the bravo of the people at table, stretch across to him and say: 'You sung that very well, Mr. A-a-a, very well indeed; but did you *not*, (laying a most decided emphasis upon the *not*,) did you *not* hear Mr. INCLEDON, or Mr. BRAHAM, (or any body else whom you think most annoying to him,) sing in some play, pantomime, or something?' When he answers 'No,' in a pert, snappish style—for all these people are asses—resume your most erect posture, and say quite audibly to your next neighbor, '*So I thought.*' This twice repeated is a dose.'

'A STORY-TELLER is so often a mighty pleasant fellow that it may be deemed a difficult matter to decide whether he ought to be stopped or not. In case, however, that it be required, far the best way of doing it is this: After he has discharged his first tale, say across, to some confederate, (for this method requires confederates, like some jugglers' tricks,) '*Number one.*' As soon as he has told a second, in like manner say, '*Number two.*' Perhaps he may perceive it, and if so, he stops; if not, the very moment his third story is told, laugh out quite loud, and cry to your friend, 'I trouble you for the sovereign. You see I was right, when I betted that he would tell these three stories exactly in that order, in the first twenty minutes after his arrival in the room.' Depend on it, he is mum after that.'

'WHAT I said in Maxim Third, of stopping punsters, must be understood with reservation. Puns are frequently provocative. One day, after dinner with a Nabob, he was giving us Madeira :

'London—East-India—picked—particular;'

then a second thought struck him, and he remembered that he had a few flasks of Constantia in the house, and he produced *one*. He gave us just a glass a-piece. We became clamorous for another, but the old qui-hi was firm in refusal. 'Well, well,' said SYDNEY SMITH, a man for whom I have a particular regard, 'since we can't double the Cape, we must e'en go back to Madeira.' We all laughed—our host most of all—and he too, luckily, had his joke. 'Be of Good Hope, you shall double it;' at which we all laughed still more immoderately, and drank the second flask.'

'You may always ascertain whether you are in a city or a village by finding out

whether the inhabitants do or do not care for, or speak about ANY THING, three days after it has happened.'

'Be on your guard when you hear a young lady speak slightly of a young gentleman with whom she has any sort of acquaintance. She is probably in love with him, and will be sure to remember what you say after she is married. But if you have been heedless enough to follow her lead, and abuse him, you must make the best of it. If you have a great face, go boldly at once, and, drawing her into a corner, say: 'Ah ha! do you remember a certain conversation we had? Did you think I was not up to your tricks all the time?' Or, better still, take the *bull* by the horns, and say: 'So ho! you lucky dog. I could have prophesied this long ago. She and I were always at you when we met; she thought I did not see through the affair. Poor girl! she was desperately in for it, to be sure. By JUPITER! what a fortunate fellow you have been!' etc., etc. Or, best of all, follow my own plan: that is, don't call till the honeymoon is over.'

'It is the prevailing humbug for authors to abstain from putting their names on their title-pages; and well may I call this a humbug, since of every book that ever attracts the smallest attention, the author is instantly just as well known as if he had clapt his portrait to the beginning of it. This nonsense sometimes annoys me; and I have a never-failing method. My way is this: I do not, as other people do, utter modest, mincing little compliments, in hopes of seeing the culprit blush, and thereby betray himself. This is much too pretty treatment for a man guilty of playing upon the public; and, beside, few of them *can* blush. I pretend the most perfect ignorance of the prevailing, and, of course, just suspicion; and the moment the work is mentioned, I begin to abuse it up hill and down dale. The company tip me the wink, nod, frown in abundance — no matter. On I go, *mordicus*, and one of two things is the result, namely, either the anonymous hero waxeth wroth, and in that case the cat is out of the poke for ever and a day; or he takes it in good part, keeping his countenance with perfect composure; and then it is *proved* that he is really a sensible fellow, and by consequence really has a right to follow his own fancies, however ridiculous.'

'NOTHING is so humiliating to a man of reflection, on awaking in the morning, as the conviction which forces itself upon him that he has been drunk the night before. I do not mean, gentle reader, that he repents him of having been drunk — this he will, of course, consider meritorious — but he cannot help the intruding persuasion, that all the things he uttered after he entered into a state of *civilization* (if he recollects any thing about them) were utter stupidities, which he mistook at the time for either wit, wisdom, or eloquence.'

'MUCH is said about the French politeness. I do not think them a polite people, and for this reason: In France, if you ever do get drunk, it must be while the ladies are at table; for they quit it along with you. Now, I hold it to be a proof of utter want of politeness to get drunk before women; and not to get drunk at all, proves a man to be equally unfit for a state of *civilization*.'

Understand that when a man, very drunk, utters the word '*civilization*' for civilization, he is held by Major ODOHERTY as having exceeded the bounds of sobriety.

We must close our extracts with the following boisterous, roystering, rollicking song, which for affluence and variety of adjectives it would be hard to surpass:

'THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman.
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman —

A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramming, roaring Irishman.

'His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 't was scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost doubled a yard across.
Oh! the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman —

The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting Irishman.

‘One of his eyes was bottle-green,
 And the other eye was out, my dear;
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.
 Oh! the great big Irishman,
 The rattling, battling Irishman —
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

‘He took so much of Lundy-Foot,
 That he used to snort and snuffle, oh!
 And in shape and size the fellow’s neck
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
 Oh! the horrible Irishman,
 The thundering, blundering Irishman —
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.

‘His name was a terrible name indeed,
 Being TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
 He’d not rest till he filled it full again.
 The boozing, bruising Irishman,
 The ‘toxicated Irishman —
 The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

‘This was the lad the lady loved,
 Like all the girls of quality;
 And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
 Just by the way of jollity.
 Oh! the leathering Irishman,
 The barbarous, savage Irishman —
 The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen’s heads were bothered, I’m sure, by this
 Irishman.’

We have again to commend Dr. MACKENZIE as a judicious and able annotator. He has thrown light upon much which, at this late day, but for him would scarcely have been understandable. Moreover, he has furnished no small fund of original anecdote, which keeps worthy company with the entertaining text of his author. The volumes are distinguished externally by the neatness which characterizes all the issues of REDFIELD’s popular press.

HARPER’S STATISTICAL GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Particularly describing the United States of America, Canada, New-Brunswick, and Nova-Scotia. By J. CALVIN SMITH. Illustrated by Seven Maps. In one Volume: pp. 1950. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS: Printing-House, Franklin Square.

THIS ponderous volume is one of the most reliable gazetteers we have ever encountered. We have tested it on half-a-hundred occasions, and have never found it to fail in imparting precisely the information we desired. It embraces within one volume a greater number of names than any other gazetteer now in existence, arranged on a methodical plan, and combining correctness of statement with the latest and most reliable statistics of population, commerce, national industries, navigation, rail-roads, etc. A conspicuous feature of the work is to enter the proper name of each place in strictly alphabetical order, as it appears in the language of the country. The most important places in ancient geography appear in proper order, as also those of the old European provinces. It contains ‘a world of information.’

NOW AND THEN: A DISCURSIVE POEM. Delivered before the Young Men's Institute, Hartford, (Conn.,) February 27th, 1855. By GEORGE H. CLARK. Published by Request: pp. 44. Hartford: F. A. BROWN.

WE had heard, both from the public press and from private sources, of the delivery of the above-named poem, on the occasion alluded to, and of its enthusiastic reception 'at the hands' (and by the hearts) of the densely-crowded audience who listened to it. Now that the poem is extant, 'im-printed' in clear, large type, upon heavy, snow-white paper, inviting perusal by its very physiognomy, we are enabled fully to confirm the judgment of the large and intelligent audience before whom it was pronounced. The fact is, Mr. CLARK is a true poet. He has feeling, originality alike of thought and execution; a striking force in his paintings of the outward in nature, while he is frequently exceedingly felicitous in his portraiture of individual character. Perhaps it may seem out of place to mention it here; but if any one of our readers, who may chance to be a bereaved father, will turn to the lines entitled '*Wellaway*,' on the death of the writer's little boy, he will see what we mean by Mr. CLARK's expression of '*feeling*.' The blossoms of the peach and the white blooms of the cherry are dropping on the grass like snow in front of our summer cottage as we write, their branches stirred by a warm, fitful south wind, and we hear the voice of our own youngest '*MISCHIEF*,' playing on the green, with his noisy little sister; and it is *exactly* this, that just as we had commenced to pen this notice, which brought the thought of this beautiful poem irresistibly to our mind. Two stanzas will show 'the why and wherefore:'

'Blow softly, gently, Southern breeze,
Amid the buds and bloom,
And let your odor-laden airs
Search all the quiet room:
*You cannot find his sweeter breath,
Nor his red lips restore;*
And though you gladden other hearts,
You wring my own the more!

'I read aright the moaning sigh
Beneath my window-blind:
It is the loving sprite who seeks
For one it cannot find:
For one whose bright and starry eyes
Are distant now, and dim,
While memory fills its vacant halls
And corridors with him.'

Turning from this digression, with the aspiration, 'Long and late may it be before the voice of little '*MISCHIEF*' shall be hushed, and his warm, red lips grow cold and pale!' we resume our consideration of the poem before us.

'*Now and Then*' sufficiently attests the nature of the performance — a picture of the Past and the Present in Yankee-land. Let us hang a few separate drawings upon the walls of the KNICKERBOCKER edifice, that they

may be seen and admired of men and women, 'now and hereafter.' After a graceful, playful opening, adverting briefly to those who had preceded him in addresses before the same Society, the poet-lecturer gives us a sketch of Plymouth, and what he saw and felt on his first visit to the Pilgrim-scenes which the town enshrines. And *apropos* of the 'Pilgrim Sires,' and the relics of them which are preserved in the 'Historical Society's Rooms,' of Hartford, he says :

'Would you refresh your memories of that band,
Go visit yonder Hall. There you may stand
Among the relics of an earlier day,
And give your antiquarian fancy play.
There Elder BREWSTER's chest unfolds its lids,
Beneath which lies — whate'er that fancy bids :
And there, at rest, is Captain STANDISH's pot,
Wherein he daily boiled — no matter what ;
Whate'er it was, it nourished them of old,
And made the hearts of those gaunt pilgrims bold.
I miss one relic : there should be the bed
On which ROSE STANDISH laid her night-capped head ;
Perhaps the guardian of the Pilgrim Rock
May have it yet among his wondrous stock ;
He shows indeed a heterogeneous hoard
Of antique lumber that the May-Flower stored.

'A silver flagon ! Ah ! that tells a tale,
Of cheerful hearts, and bodies strong and hale ;
Did strength or courage flag ? From this they quaffed,
And at the war-whoop of the Indian laughed ;
This strung their nerves to brave and daring deeds,
As he may know who their old records reads ;
There were no CARSON Leagues, nor Maine Laws then,
In lack of which, they all were temperate men ;
Pledged to the reason that their MAKER gave,
No one became to low debauch a slave ;
Yet when they dwelt on Plymouth's grassy bank,
They loved, they fought, they prayed, and eke they drank.

'The leaden ball, swift messenger of woe,
Is there, that laid the noble WOOSTER low ;
There is the vest by gallant LEDYARD worn,
Whose treacherous death indignantly we mourn —
We see the rent through which his life-blood poured,
Where butcher BROMFIELD plunged the yielded sword.
There is the tavern sign, that swung of yore,
Beside brave PUTNAM's hospitable door ;
Was its device some rustic painter's fun,

'Or did young ISRAEL really mean a pun ?
For there, exposed to every traveller's view,
Is General WOLFE — but not the one he slew !
There, too, the drum, that erst on Sundays fair,
With tones sonorous, called the crowd to prayer.
On other days for soldiers it might speak,
But 'drum ecclesiastic' once a week —
Belligerent no more, but vicegerent bell,
It bore good news where'er its summons fell.

'To patriot hearts and antiquarian eyes
These homely things are each a cherished prize ;
They are the subtle keys, that long shall last,
To open wide the store-house of the past,
For round each symbol clusters many a scene,
Which serves to keep ancestral memories green.'

Admirable passages in the limning of FANCY and ASSOCIATION tempted our busy pencil, but the 'tyranny of space' was imperial. Here is a picture of 'Then' and 'Now,' that will draw from the cells of memory, of many a country-boy in the city, 'warm' recollections. Talk about fighting for your 'fire-sides,' and there is a touch of fervent patriotism in the very thought. But think of fighting for a grate or an air-furnace, (that last and meanest of all 'presumptive evidence' of fire,) and 'some how or 'nother,' like the Americans at Bladensburg, you 'do nt seem to take no interest.' No: give *us* the fires we have helped to build many a time and oft, when at night-fall 'we' (*twins* then, with a *real* plural) drew into the wide kitchen-door, over the creaking snow, on a hand-sled, load after load of the sweet-smelling beech, maple, hickory, and birch 'split-wood,' setting it up end-wise against the broad jambs with our mittened hands. What a winter-fire *there* was in the morning! First, the 'log,' then the 'back-log,' then the 'big-stick,' surmounted by the 'top-stick' — then shove up the long, long andirons, (we have n't seen such a huge, brass-mounted pair for many a long year as that which is in our memory as we write,) and *then* put on first, the great 'fore-stick,' then the 'middle-stick,' then 'criss-cross' the 'kindlings,' wedge in the broad chips, and pile on the 'round' and 'split' wood, and then — 'hitch back your 'cheer,' if you do n't want to burn your shins,' and listen to the crackling and spluttering of that rousing winter-fire, as it roars up the broad-backed chimney! 'That's your sort!' — but all this while we are forgetting our extract:

'I LOVE my fire-side — or at least I did,
 Until behind a register 't was hid!
 I loved the chimney-corner, and the blaze
 Of hickory logs, in those dear palmy days:
 But with a feeling near akin to hate,
 I look on yonder innovating grate;
 The modern register 's more hopeless yet,
 With its grim visor and its bars of jet;
 Its jaws emit a strong sulphureous heat,
 The insulted lungs abhor whene'er they meet.
 The cheerful blaze, the ample hearth we miss,
 And find instead, contrivances like this!
 And yet so long as men have careful wives,
 They must submit, or live unquiet lives.
 Shut up your fires, burn gas instead of oil,
 Let your beef-steaks on reeking ranges broil;
 Toast your cold feet before the heated air,
 That puffs its venom through twelve inches square:
 Resign all comforts with a cheerful laugh,
 Although thereby your days are shortened half:
 Do any thing — submit to any claims,
 That most may please or gratify your dames.

'Yet all these wretched arts of modern change,
 From its loved home cannot the heart estrange,
 We love the quiet that the evening brings,
 We love the very song the kettle sings;
 We love our books — those dear delightful friends,
 And all the comfort their perusal lends.
 And then our cheerful paintings all are there —
 Familiar things — how well their faces wear!
 We're not perplexed to choose among the few,
 For though the same, to us they're always new.

'Ah! yes! although there's no domestic hearth,
 Home has its pleasures and its genial mirth;
 The daily toil, with all its fret and foam,
 Dissolves and fades as one approaches home.
 You meet your wife — perhaps your infant heir;
 One welcome smiles — the other pulls your hair!
 Which pleases you the most? Ah! happy sire,
 Here's joy enough without the tabooed fire.
 Away with grumbling — hither comes the boy,
 This only's wanting to complete your joy.
 The young rogue leaps upon your waiting knee,
 And claps his hands, and crows with noisy glee;
 The welcome kiss that met you at the door,
 Was but the prelude to a hundred more;
 Who now is happiest? Father, boy, or wife,
 In this the culminated hour of life!

'Remove the magic slide. Your moistened eye
 Beholds the sad funereal train pass by;
 The mother, sobbing with a broken heart,
 The father, silent, tearless, and apart,
 But hopeless, childless, and in mute despair,
 His heart lies confined with the lost one there.
 No more to them the radiant child is given,
 They dwell alone, and dream of him in Heaven:
 Existence is a blank — Life's light is dim,
 And all worth living for expired with him.'

Observe with what a mournful cadence the poet sings, when the 'magic slide' reveals the undying sorrow of a bereaved father's heart. He next goes on to depict the historic interest and natural beauty of the scenery around the spot where his youth had been passed, paying a deserved tribute to the lovely Connecticut, and another (*par la gauche!*) to a smaller stream, with a less musical name, which runs through his native town. The 'hit' at the 'Spirit-rappers' is capital. We cannot resist the temptation to present at least a brief extract:

'THE witch of Endor, if she could arise
 And visit us, would stare with open eyes,
 To find her skill, once narrowly confined,
 Now floating freely as the march of mind.
 Try your next neighbor — 'pass' him into sleep,
 And you have messages from PLUTO cheap;
 ABRAM OF SHAKESPEARE, JUNIUS OR JOYCE HETH,
 Speak at your bidding from the realm of death.
 Call, if you like, the ghost of father ADAM,
 Or EVE herself, before she was a madam,
 And they, or else the science is a libel,
 Will straight authenticate or damn the BIBLE.

'In sober earnest, or by way of fun,
 Call on your ancestors — 'tis often done.
 Waked up from their unconscionable doze,
 On eager ears their knockings they impose;
 Tell you how old your aunt was when she died,
 Her Christian name, and when she was a bride;
 Spell out the number of the boys she bore —
 All which you know, or might have known before.
 The past is plain — but as for time to come,
 You might as well consult a muffled drum.

'But one great trouble which adepts have got,
 Is doubt if their reports be true or not;
 The unstrung mediums never yet have found

If they're on holy or blasphemous ground,
 And still they swear the information true,
 Which they bring up from Hades unto you.
 O impious soul! To thrust your addled head
 Where only angels are allowed to tread!

'The road they're travelling ends in misty night,
 Where no blest guide-board stands to set them right;
 The only taverns on that dreary way,
 Where they their crazed and aching heads can lay,
 Are structures furnished by the State at large,
 Who take at last the moon-struck fools in charge.
 They're dropping in by such increasing scores,
 That every keeper soon must close his doors,
 Unless the State, to stay the rush awhile,
 Builds its asylums once in every mile.
 We want some Dr. JOHNSON on our coast,
 To exorcise this modern Cock-Lane ghost.'

Au reste: we must commend the entire poem cordially to the reader. We had marked, toward its conclusion, the vivid picture of 'Now' and 'BY-AND-BYE,' as exhibited, and to *be* exhibited, by 'Young AMERICA,' which will be admitted by every reader to be characterized by great '*reach*' and '*grasp*' of thought, at least as touching the 'manie yles and contrees' that we are destined to conquer, or 'annex' to our already sufficiently 'ger-reat and gel-lorious ked'ntry.'

MANUAL OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK. By DAVID T. VALENTINE.
 In one volume: pp. 829. New-York: GEO. P. PUTNAM.

COMMEND us to Gotham's historical 'OLD MORTALITY,' for his long-continued, arduous, and successful labors, in deepening the records, and keeping clear and *present* the enduring memorials of our beloved Manahatta! None but so enthusiastic a KNICKERBOCKER as himself could ever have accomplished the task half so well; and year after year, as his work grows more copious and more complete, its interest constantly increases. It presents, in the solid, incontrovertible facts of our city's history, and their manifold accessories, the materials of a romance; arranged, too, in the clearest order, and with a skill which only long practice could give. 'In the present volume we find, carefully arranged, all necessary information in regard to city offices and officers. Nearly two hundred pages are taken up with historical matter, including an elaborate history of the Park and its vicinity; notices of the old Bridewell; the islands in the East River and the harbor; origin and changes in the names of streets; notable women of the olden time; ancient value of property; currency of New-Amsterdam; the will of Major Andre; history of the tea-water pump; ferries in old times; private residences sixty years ago, with their value; wealthy citizens of that era; history of travel hence to Philadelphia; date of the erection of public buildings; history of the Society Library, and of the BUNKER Mansion-House, with a letter from General WASHINGTON concerning it; various memoranda made by DAVID GRIM, of facts a hundred and fifty years ago; rules of the celebrated 'Mutual Assistance Bag Company' (for saving property at fires) of 1803, with

their names, among which are CADWALLADER D. COLDEN, ELIAS HICKS, PETER IRVING, PETER G. STUYVESANT, and other well-known men; notices of many old edifices; a Know-Nothing petition to King WILLIAM the Third, against the conduct of Earl BELLAMONT, and some other interesting facts. A great variety of maps and cuts embellish the volume, and, apart from its value, it is, as we have said, really a most entertaining production. Beside these annals, Mr. VALENTINE has been assiduously occupied in the preparation of a Supplement to his 'History of New-York,' which, as our readers will remember, was published two years ago, and evoked universal and emphatic commendation. We hope to have the pleasure soon of announcing the publication of the Continuation.' We *love* the good old KNICKERBOCKER spirit that leads a venerable citizen—himself a forcible exemplar of the old Dutch *physique*, and honest, hospitable virtues—to perpetuate the history of this noble city, from its beginning even until now. Such a work shall never want a helping hand from the KNICKERBOCKER, which is also a New-York 'institution.'

GETTING ALONG: A BOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS. 'KNOW THYSELF' In two volumes: pp. 632. New-York: JAMES C. DERBY, Nassau-street.

WE believe we are right in our suspicions as to the authorship of this certainly very interesting work, but we are going to keep even our suspicions to ourselves. The author, whoever he (or she) may be, is a person of decided talent, and has produced a work American in all its characteristics. 'The plot (we quote from a contemporary) is neither intricate nor improbable. The interest of the book depends upon the evolvment of character and the application of religious principles to the action of daily life. Two of the principal actors in this tale are brothers—DAVID and CLARENCE BALDWIN—men with human hearts strongly beating for one and the same woman. She, a certain SARAH DILLON, who is introduced when the story begins, nor leaves us until it closes, is 'nobly planned,' and worthy of being acquainted with. There are many other persons in the story, but the canvas, though full, is not crowded. The writer writes so clearly that we can even forgive the CARLYLISM (of speaking of APHRODITE, Imagination, and the Orient) which is obtruded even on the very first page. It is affectatious. The religious tone of the book is far from unpleasant, even to ordinary readers for mere amusement; but it is doubtful whether fiction is the best vehicle for such solemn truths. A sermon in a novel seems as much out of place as adventures related in a sermon. The moral fiction, we admit, is always acceptable, when gracefully related.' We cite this for the purpose of adding that, in our judgment, it is a rare meed of praise, in a writer of a religious novel, so to blend high moral lessons with fervent descriptions of human character, as to enable the reader to be religiously impressed, while at the same time his interest in the story, powerfully excited, undergoes no diminution.

THE OLD INN: OR, THE TRAVELLER'S ENTERTAINMENT. By JOSIAH BARNES, S^{ED}. In one Volume: pp. 260. New-York: J. C. DERBY, Nassau-street.

WE doubt whether this book is by a practised writer; yet he has a knack at story-telling, and putting his stories in an agreeable and effective juxtaposition, which many a professed book - 'maker' has essayed in vain. He gives us a good variety of traveller's tales. We have 'The Little Dry Man's Story,' 'The Supposed Lawyer's Story,' 'The Quaker's Story,' etc., all various in kind, and in a style of narrative befitting each — a merit somewhat rare. Premising that we read the work with increasing interest to the end, we conciliate the reader's good graces toward it in the words of the author: 'The book which you are going to read is imperfect, I suppose, in many places; yet, as a whole, it is pretty much what I expected to make it. I started out with the intention of producing something that all those who read for amusement merely would find acceptable. I hope I have succeeded. I have worked hard enough for it, I know. I have worked earnestly, too. The characters you will meet with have not been mere idle phantoms to me. I have laughed and I have wept with them. The thread of their lives has been mine. And they have not passed away. They live as really to my soul as the friend who sits beside me now. I want you to begin fresh; and I want you to read right along. When you discover a fault, do n't let your mind dwell upon it; for if you do, you will miss the spirit of all that follows, make yourself sour, and pain me, if I should ever know it.' We do n't think these aspirations of the author 'in their scope too far incline,' although the taste of dictating *how* his book shall be read may be considered more questionable. People will read 'right along' if they like his book; if they do n't, they will drop it quick enough, all advice 'to the contrary notwithstanding.'

THE AMERICAN DEBATER. By JAMES N. McELIGOTT, LL.D. Embracing Rules for Debate, for Extemporaneous Speaking, for Deliberative Assemblies, Examples of Full Debates, Debates in Outline, Six Hundred Questions for Debate, etc., etc. In one volume: pp. 320. New-York: IVISON AND PHINNEY.

A MORE general knowledge of Parliamentary practice is certainly a great desideratum, especially under a form of government like that which prevails in the United States. Where the power is with the PEOPLE, it is a matter of the first importance that the power should be properly exercised: in no other way can 'the greatest good of the greatest number' be obtained. Deliberative Assemblies, Boards, Councils, and Committees are in session daily and nightly, and much precious time has been lost — much bitter feeling engendered by ignorance or inattention to the Rules of Order as laid down by Parliament and Congress. Hence the value of a manual like the one under notice. The author has performed his part with conscientious fidelity, the essential principles of JEFFERSON's and CUSHING's works are carefully stated, and the exposition of the whole subject is full and perfect.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'PEEPS FROM A STEEPLE,' ETC. : NEW WORK BY REV F. W. SHELTON. — The admirers of the author of 'SALANDER and the Dragon,' 'The Rector of Saint BARDOLPH's, etc., (and they count by thousands,) will soon have an opportunity of perusing the best work that has ever proceeded from his pen. We have before us, through the kindness of the publisher, the advance-sheets of a volume of some four hundred pages, entitled, '*Peeps from a Steeple, or The Parish Sketch-Book,*' which, we confidently predict, will attract universal admiration, not less for the simple and attractive style in which it is written, than for the moral and religious lessons which the incidents of the narrative unfold and enforce. We are glad to be enabled to justify our judgment in a few desultory passages, which will commend themselves at once to the reader. We begin with an extract contained in a description of the old Episcopal Church of St. PETER's, in the ancient parish of Rosendale :

'The shingles on the roof were shrunk, the lintels of the door were decayed, the window-glass had lost its transparency, owing to the action of the sun upon it for so many years, and seemed to be in need of washing, the putty had nearly all fallen away; in short, all the fixtures were sadly out of repair. The bell, too, was cracked, and it made a doleful noise, whether on a feast-day or at a funeral, when the sexton tolled the age of the deceased. It had a new rope, however, which was the only new thing about the church. At the corners of the buildings, just underneath the eaves, there were four little cisterns, not made with hands, where the drippings and droppings of the sanctuary had worn away a place among the stones and pebbles. There were little narrow pathways in the grave-yard, which the feet of the different generations kept bare amidst the rank grass, leading to some well-remembered burial-spots where people of note reposed. Every Sunday these were visited by loiterers whom curiosity enticed, and who liked to examine the death's heads or cherubic faces, and read y^e queer inscriptions and elegiac verses, over whose letters the green moss had grown.

'There was a little country-tavern immediately opposite, which lay on the post-road or main route of travel, and during summer, every Sunday a few wayfarers, who had stopped on Saturday night, would remain over because it was impossible to get any farther on their journey. These frequently came to church in the morning, and some of them were devout, and some not. The latter could pivot about on their heels during the reading of Divine service, and not always pay a strict attention to the sermon of the Rector, but they would drop a little silver into the plate; and for the rest, they would wander in the church-yard, throwing handsfull of clover to stray goats, and they afforded as much amusement to the attendants at St. PETER's as the latter did to them. They were responsible to God alone on the score of their piety, but to every decent man for the depravity of their manners. I do not mean to say that they ever behaved themselves in such a way as to demand the attention of the sexton; but that was a worse misdemeanor, which was only sufficiently marked to excite contempt. There is no place in which the gentleman is more evident than in the house of God.'

An admirably drawn and well-developed character is that of 'Father WIMBLES,' the Rector, who was comfortably situated and 'wonderfully let alone' in his old rickety parsonage, the 'study' or sanctum whereof is a gem of WILKIE-like painting:

'He was not a man of much order, but his papers were all here deposited, of whatever kind, and after a deal of rummaging when wanted, he was able to find them. Though he had to shuffle the whole set, it was a job which he went through every day for some purpose or other, and he took pleasure in doing it. He had no schedules; his effects were not enumerated in catalogue, nor classified by Arabic numbers, nor by Roman characters, nor according to bulk, nor stored away in particular depositories. A little of every kind was found everywhere. Ledgers, Prayer-books, and Lectures were bound up in company; a roll of receipts would fall out of a cylinder of newspapers. He would stand upon tip-toe on a chair, and reach after a package, bringing down the loose fluttering leaves of catechisms, and a shower of dust upon his head, or hunt diligently on hands and knees in a corner, or poke his head into a closet to find some suitable discourse, which he well remembered to have composed forty years ago, on the setting up of a new organ, or on the occasion of a funeral. What he had written, he had written. All was as good as span new, for although the moth, the mould, the grease, the ink-blots, and a chemic action may have marred the page, the cheering Christian thoughts were arrested in their flight, glowing as brightly as ever with the piety of their author, and most invaluable, because his eyes had become weak. Also, any of the aforesaid skeletons or preparations, heads or dry bones of controversy, which, with a little brushing up, were as available as ever, he could lay hold of after a careful scrutiny, and string them together again, bone coming unto bone, and sinews binding them, and flesh covering them, and still the resurrection of spiritual things went on in that dark chamber, whenever he waved the feathery wand of his neglected quill.'

Right well pleased should we be to transfer the entire story of '*The Square Pew*' to our pages; but we must content ourselves with 'here a little and there a little' from this capital sketch:

'THE area of St. PETER'S was subdivided into square and high-backed pews, with the exception of a small space in the rear appropriated to colored people. An inconvenience arose from this, that the ground was monopolized by a few families; and if occasion should arise, seats could not be procured in a half-empty church for love nor money. New-comers, however, had been very scarce, until on a certain season, when an epidemic raged in the cities, a large number of families came into the neighborhood, and there was an unwonted demand for pews in St. PETER'S. None could be obtained. Mr. BULLFINCH, a rich man, who had taken a house for the summer, was attached to the church, and wished a place in which to seat his family. The sexton applied the key to the rusty lock, and let him into the antiquated building, but could give him no information. He walked up and down the aisles; but cushions and prayer-books appeared to indicate that every spot was preoccupied, and strangers must throw themselves on the hospitality of those already installed. It is an unpleasant expedient, however, arriving early, to anticipate the rightful owner, or later, to disturb his devotions, to oust him from his accustomed seat; or, if you have ventured to take it, perhaps be politely requested to retire. The latter circumstance could never occur at St. PETER'S, but it is by no means unusual now-a-days in city churches. You may have seen the proud pew-holder enter the costly and luxurious temple where the light subdued shines down through Gothic windows on a fashionable crowd, with head erect stalk through the aisle, not with the air of one who goes to worship God; when lo! arrived at his own door, he halts, and knits his brows, and frowns with positive disgust. A stranger kneels, and scarce to the LORD'S Prayer has time to say *Amen*, when he is coolly beckoned out, told in a hurried whisper that he has made some mistake, confused and blushing finds himself in the aisle without chart or compass, and through the crowd of worshippers, many of whom look askew from their prayer-books on the stray sheep, he gets out of the inclosure, and draws a long breath in the free and open air of the portico.

'Mr. BULLFINCH wanted a whole pew for himself and family at St. PETER'S, otherwise he should be forced to worship God with the Methodists. 'God forbid!' said the old sexton, who was truly sorry that a new family should be driven from the church; 'but if you will call on good Mr. WIMBLES, the rector, who lives in the old house by the big willows, he without doubt will tell you where you may be comfortably seated. Here is room enough and to spare. We are not half full, sir, not half full, and have not been this forty years.'

Mr. BULLFINCH calls upon the Rector, whom he finds 'hobbling down from his attic study, with his green shade over his brow, and his spectacles over his eye-shade.' Mr. WIMBLES promises that the rich man shall be 'comfortably provided for;' as he is; for, being a rich and fashionable man of family, the vestry are led to think that 'the presence of the new-comers' may give a start to the parish, which had so long remained '*in statu quo*.' 'If there was not room for Mr. BULLFINCH,' they said, 'they would make room;' and they did:

'At last, an expedient was resolved upon, and a vestryman consented to take upon himself the responsibility of the matter. They would divide one of the square pews in the middle of the church into two pews. There was a decrepit old lady who lived in a house hard by with a still more decrepit daughter, of whom she was the faithful nurse. MARIA had been bed-ridden for many years, and her mother was a widow. Aunt POLLY (such was the affectionate title by which she was known among the country-people) might be always seen at her window, industriously knitting. She had been a constant attendant at St. PETER's during the whole course of Mr. WIMBLES' ministrations; and her recollection extended many years beyond that, into the times of preceding rectors, whose good qualities and attentions she could call to mind, when questioned thereon, in many a lively narrative. For her, poor soul, the church was her great stand-by, and her all. Her whole heart was set upon it; you might engage her in what course of conversation you would, but she would still recur to this, and she loved to talk about the church, and nothing else — the church, the church, the church. Yet the spirit which animated her was not the spirit of those who with a blind bigotry cry out on all occasions, 'The temple of the Lord.' Her life was altogether devout and religious. The reading of the BIBLE, and a few good books containing some of the pith and marrow of old divines, which however well thumbed and often perused, retained their freshness and interest for her, and her devotions, took up a large portion of every day, while not industriously employed for her support; but the worship of the sanctuary afforded her the greatest comfort, and was looked forward to during the whole week. She always came half an hour before service, found the lessons for the day, and during sermon never once took her eyes off Mr. WIMBLES, no matter how prolix he might be.

The deed was done. The devout and pious Aunt POLLY's pew was divided, painted, looking 'like a new patch upon an old garment.' The pews of those who only came on pleasant Sunday mornings, and who were often absent at watering-places and the like for weeks together, were left untouched. 'Why of all others should the humble tenant be disturbed in her well-loved possession, when she had a prescriptive right by long tenure and by unfailing attendance?' The next Sunday, a calm and beautiful day, finds the good old lady at church, little dreaming what had been done in her absence:

'AUNT POLLY entered as if her feet were shod in mouse-skin slippers, hugging her large prayer-book in her left arm, and with her right hand feeling her way along the pews like a blind person, till she mechanically paused at her own place, and began to search for the latch. Baffled in the attempt, she advanced a little farther, then retreated, then advanced again, stopped, adjusted her spectacles on her nose, moved her head with a paralytic shake from side to side, stared fixedly, and began to grope again. At last, coming to a stand-still at the identical spot where she had been accustomed to enter, a strange sight met her eyes, for her pew was dwindled to one-half its size, and instead of being empty as usual, marvellous to relate, full of BULLFINCHES. Unable to understand the mystical change, she at last found her way into the other compartment, and sat motionless through the service, without opening her book, confused, embarrassed and discomfited. She at first thought that her mind was wandering, and that the time had perhaps come when it would please God to take her to His rest. When Mr. WIMBLES approached the end of his long discourse, she began to recover herself a little, and to consult inquisitively the countenances of those present, as if to say, 'What does all this mean?' The congregation slipped out while she remained riveted to her seat, when the old sexton approached, and solved the mystery. Aunt POLLY was confounded. She said not a word, but turning around as if to take a farewell look of her beloved church, she went back sorrowfully to her humble home.

She took off her bonnet, placed her prayer-book beside it, sat down in a high-backed chair, and burst into tears. They were the first which had distilled from her eyes for many years. Her feelings were hurt and pained to a degree which a coarser nature could not conceive, and she bowed her head as if it longed to be pillowed in the grave. If there was any thing stable to her mind in this transitory world; if there was any privilege which she fondly hoped could not be taken away while life endured, it was that which she had enjoyed so long, without money and without price, it is very true, but freely, as if it had been her birth-right, and thankfully, as it was her blessing. Alas! the Sundays of the Past, so sweetly and inextricably linked, were broken from the Present, and the golden chain suspended from the skies seemed snapped for ever. In vain the sun arose in gorgeous splendor, and with his first rays gilt the village-spire; in vain the hushed and precious stillness of the day of rest wooed meditation.

'When another week had passed away, and the bells again rang for divine service, she never left her house, but putting on her spectacles, acted as a lay-reader, while herself and invalid child formed the whole congregation. Her voice trembled and became almost inaudible at the concluding prayer: 'Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto THEE; and hast promised that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name, Thou wilt grant their request,' etc. We must allow somewhat for the infirmities of human nature, if when the first tenderness of her unmingled grief had been in part assuaged, its remaining current were embittered by a little anger, and an unseemly pride disturbed the equipoise of her Christian frame. In a short time she was missed from her accustomed seat, and if her presence had been little noted, her absence was more regretted. That the sexton had not been called to dig her grave was certain; and nothing short of this would account for her continued neglect of public worship. Many who had observed her confusion on the unfortunate Sunday, sincerely pitied her, and were heard to whisper 'Shame! shame!' as they passed out; but on Monday morning the subject escaped from their minds. As to Mr. BULLFINCH, he knew nothing about it, and was responsible for the rent of his pew alone.'

Our extract is so long, that we leave the *dénouement* of this sketch, touching and beautiful as it is, for perusal in the volume itself, when it shall appear, which will be soon. We commend the chapter which succeeds, '*The Model Parish*,' to the perusal of the writer's clerical brethren, wherever they may sojourn. It teems with important truths, sometimes rather insinuated than enforced, but none the less effective on that account. The remarks upon church architecture are not only worthy of the consideration of those who employ architects, but of church-architects themselves.

One of the very best things in the volume is the sketch of '*The Seven Sleepers*.' It might have formed a chapter in '*The Vicar of Wakefield*,' or GALT's '*Annals of the Parish*.' It is brim-full of felicitous description and quiet humor. The success which the Rev. Mr. PETTIBONES met with in remonstrating with the '*Seven Sleepers*' in his church, could not be better told by DICKENS himself. It is too long to quote entire, and one 'case' can hardly be separated from another without doing injustice to the entire picture. Nor less amusing and instructive is the account which is given of the call which Mr. PETTIBONES made upon his parishioners, to ascertain what it was in his preaching that put his hearers to sleep, and what changes he should adopt in order to keep them awake. One recommended one thing, and one another, of all which he made memoranda, upon which to practise thereafter. One of these advisers, while he 'made a good thing of it,' as a matter of business, got the poor rector into a sad scrape:

'The next person interrogated was a teacher of elocution and usher in an academy. 'The most eloquent thoughts,' said he, 'you will be pleased to ob-se-erve, are unquestionably indebted to the adjuncts of art, and to the perfection of delivery. The department of sacred oratory is the most exalted in its aim, and unexampled in the theatre of its endeavors. It has to deal with the development of the sublimest ideas, and is conversant with mankind's everlasting welfare. A DEMOSTHENESE and an ISOCHRATES had to treat of nothing more stabilitated than the politics of nations, but a *Mas-e-yong* and a

BOURDALUË carry you to the realms of the heavenly. Where can you find so immense a field or so extensive a forum? In vain may a PAUL preach and an APOLLOS water. Per-e-mit me to observe to you, sir, that God works by means, which is totally overlooked by the majority of our preachers. The vocal powers must be trained to the highest point of which they may be susceptible. The utterance must be distinct, the vowel sounds and the consonants must receive the weight which is due to their distinctive elements, while a due regard must be paid to inflection, to cadence, and to emphasis. You have thus, in a word, the components of a perfect orator, on whose words the audience will hang with a breathless attention, while the fall of a pin might be heard at his peroration.'

Mr. PETTIBONES is so impressed by the suggestions of this professor, that, old as he is, he resolves to put himself at once under his instruction. Here beginneth the first lesson, Mr. VOCLES, the professor, in the chair:

'We start from this point, that the great aim and end of rhetorical declamation is to elicit and to impress upon others the thoughts which are in the mind of the speaker, to arouse the attention of the apathetic, and to open their eyes to the value of divine and immutable truth.'

'Ay, ay,' rejoined the pupil, 'if you can facilitate —'

'I ask your pardon, hear me out, Sir. The steps and stages which conduct to the recloser and more intricate parts of the subject are so developed in my plan of vocal education, that their completeness will only be manifest in the progressive advancement of the series of instructions, and an insight commensurate with their importance be attained to when fully completed. In the mean time, a valuable assistance will be derived by my work on Primordial Elements, which you will do me the favor to peruse, Sir.'

'Thank you,' said Mr. PETTIBONES; 'I am in a hurry. Please begin with your instructions.'

'With the utmost satisfaction. If you have a prayer-book convenient —'

'Here it is,' said the pupil, offering it to the Professor.

'Retain it in your own hands, if you please. Now, Sir, if you will do me the kindness to read in my hearing the words which you will find on the opening page.'

PETTIBONES. — 'The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.'

'From the rising of the sun —'

'Stop! Sharp!' exclaimed the teacher, with great vehemence. 'Read that over again.' The scholar did so.

'Mr. VOCLES shook his head at the close. 'I will venture to say,' said he, 'that the inspired writer would not have known his own words as you then read them.'

'What! HABBAKUK! You are greatly mistaken.'

'One moment, if you please. You will note particularly that the passage in this place is intended to impress the mind with awe by announcing the presence of DEITY. An utter silence is to be imposed — all the elements are to be hushed — the unruly passions of men for a moment staid. How are you going to do it? Not, surely, by consecutively arousing the echoes. 'THE LORD!' — What you want is to bring the minds which are inattentive to the cognizance of this one fact, to exclude the world and things of that nature by the peculiarity of that one word, and to startle and subdue them into solemnity. THE LORD! — hark! hush! — the echo has died away, a pause succeeds, ominous as the air of eternity, every movement ceases, the heart scarcely beats — the temple nave is full of the silent PRESENCE — 'IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE,' etc. — the effect is sublime.'

'Oh! pshaw!' said Mr. PETTIBONES, 'I do n't see it. I do not think that the way in which I read it can be improved.'

'Reverend and dear Sir,' said the teacher, rising with much dignity, 'did I understand you to say that you desired to receive the benefit of my instructions in the elocutional art? I presumed that you had taken the pains to inquire about my credentials before having invited me to that end. But you will readily per-a-ceive, Sir, that there is no use for me to begin, if you dispute my method. I therefore ask permission to retire.'

'By no means,' said PETTIBONES, 'sit down, I beg of you. Far be it from me to wound your feelings. But you are a little mistaken as to the nature of my necessities. It is not to be informed of the meaning of Holy Writ, which I have made my peculiar study during a large portion of my life. I desire nothing more than the culture of the vocal organs, for I have been desired to speak louder, and I would save my throat from unnecessary exertion, lest my usefulness be destroyed by an attack of bronchitis.'

'Your venerable age will cause me to accede to your wishes. I advise you, then, to begin by practising upon the vowel sounds, which are the very first utterances of human nature. You will acquire the faculty of prolonging them to an indefinite extent,

and of ejecting them with an explosive quality. You will go into some retired place, for these exercises are not be appreciated by the common beholder, and train your organs to do justice to the vowels. A, E, I, O, U—I wish you to produce these sounds, not from the mouth alone, but from the lower part of the chest, and if possible, from the pit of the stomach. It is a long distance to fetch them up, I admit, and your venerable age may have marred the flexibility of your organs.'

'Dear me! why, how old do you take me to be, Professor VOCULES?' said PETTIBONES, quite piqued.

'By no means too aged, Sir, to imbibe elocutionary principles. It was very distant from my intention to convey such an idea. However, per-a-mit me to observe that it would be judicious to begin these exercises now, in your prime, and you will be astonished at the facilities which will be afforded to you in the pulpit.'

He *was* astonished, but not half so much as those who heard him 'practising' afterward in a corn-field, and subsequently in the pulpit, 'acting up to his instructions,' in combination with various *other* instructions that he had received from kindred sensible advisers. But we must pause. We have only *indicated* the scope and character of this 'Parish Sketch-Book' in our quotations, which are selected, for *convenience* of extract, from far more amusing and 'telling' passages. Mr. SCRIBNER has printed the work in an excellent manner, and we hazard nothing in predicting for it a very extensive sale.

SLEEPING WITH A RATTLESNAKE.—'You have a number of times spoken to me,' writes the friend from whom we receive the following, 'to tell you about the incident of my sleeping with a rattlesnake, but until now, I have not found time to give it to you; and even now, I am not in the condition or humor for writing. But you have the facts. Take them in hand yourself, and dress them up; but do n't publish them as they are; for they are not in a condition to see the light.' We'll *see* about that: at any rate, we 'take the reponsibility':

'It was, I think, for I have not my memorandum-book of the day before me, in the month of August, 1836, that I found myself wandering through the great inland seas that begirt our Western country—(if it is not Western *now*, it *used to be*, some time or other, and that too since the great rain-storm in NOAH's time,)—until I brought up at Fort-Crawford, Green Bay.

'At this point, Captain E. B. BIRDSALL, of the Third United States Infantry, (poor fellow, he has 'fought his last battle,' and now slumbers with the dead of a thousand years ago,) procured Mackinaw boats, a sufficient number to accommodate the whole detachment, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty United States Dragoons, on their way to Fort Des Moines, on the Mississippi River—each boat accommodating some twelve or fifteen soldiers, with the necessary camp equipment, provisions, etc.

'Thus provided and fully provisioned for the journey, the oars were let fall, and we threaded our way up the Fox River, a portion of the way quite a rapid stream, with many formidable rapids, with grand and lesser *chudes* to pass over, until we arrived at Fort Winnebago, a post at that time considered beyond the reach of civilization. A portage of half a mile from the Fox to the Onisconsin River, and our boats were again launched, and we pursued our way down the last-named river until we struck the Mississippi, some few miles below Prairie du Chien.

'I should, perhaps, have stated, ere this, that it was our invariable custom to sleep beneath our tents on shore every night.

'Soon after striking the Mississippi, our tents were pitched one night, as usual. It was not long before the camp-fires gave token that the evening meal was in process of preparation. In due time the guards were set, silence reigned in the little army, and naught was to be heard save the regular tread of the night-watch, as he paced his silent round.

'I had no idea when I turned *in* that night that I was to be unceremoniously turned *out* before morning. But I was mistaken. During the night, our camp was visited by a most furious rain-storm. The water descended in torrents, and disturbed in his lurking-place an enormous RATTLESNAKE, who, it would seem, took up his line of march with, I presume, no very correct idea of his destination, but with a commendable desire, I doubt not, to provide himself with shelter from the pitiless storm that was raging about, and invading his dominions, the broad forest, of which he had probably been an undisturbed occupant for many years.

'I cannot for one moment imagine that his snakeship had any particular *penchant* for my quarters, but it so happened that about one o'clock at night, or rather morning, he brought up at my tent, and, acting upon the old proverb — perhaps it is not a proverb, only a saying — of 'any port in a storm,' he pitched in, without as much as saying, 'By your leave, Sir,' and the first intimation afforded me that I was to be honored with his distinguished presence was the fact that he was insinuating his cold, wet, and horrid carcase directly across my legs, just above the knee-joints. Having obtruded himself thus far into good society, he seemed to be entirely satisfied with himself, with me, and, for aught I knew, with the rest of mankind, and the comfortable quarters into which he had thus thrust himself unbidden; for I am very certain, had I been permitted to make choice of a companion for the night, my tendencies would not have been in that direction. But here he was, warm, quiet, and free from the storm, and seemed mightily inclined, so far as I could discover, to tarry for a while. But by this time I began fully to realize my own position. I had assumed, in the first place, as all the indications were that way, that it was a *snake*, and my imagination, in the second place, led me to suppose it was a rattlesnake. Of course I had no positive knowledge on the subject, for his entrance had been unannounced; but I thought I had a right to make *that* assumption, and to govern myself accordingly.

'But the thought of such a companion was horrible! A sleeping partner, too — a snake, so forbidding in every possible aspect, that even at this time, although about nineteen years have rolled over the incident, it makes me shudder through every limb to think of! But that was not the question uppermost in my mind at *that* time. The question was: 'How am I to get rid of him?' And it was a nice question, too — one more easily conceived than executed. I knew the fix I was in, I was fully aware of my position; for my presence of mind had not for one moment deserted me.

'Although an intruder — although he had presumed to poach upon my manor without a license — still I was aware that this king of his species was to be treated with great respect and consideration, until I had got, at least, beyond the reach of his murderous fangs. I commenced, therefore, the process of sliding my legs out from under him — not, to be sure, at a pace of two-forty — but imitating more the speed of the snail, and almost holding my breath during the operation. I was fully aware that my only safety lay in this. Perhaps I might have got rid of him

in a more summary way, but in doing it, *perhaps* I might have placed him in a position unsuited to his dignity, and contrary to his ideas of propriety, and most probably retaliation on his part would have followed, and I should have come out of the contest second-best. But I found my plan working well, and persevered in its execution. By dint of great patience, I finally, after a labor of some ten minutes or more, succeeded in finding myself free from my disgusting companion. I at once threw off the mosquito-bar that surrounded my ground-bed, stepped over my blankets, drew on my boots, as a matter of precaution, not knowing the precise locality of my pleasing and amiable companion at this time. I now seized a shillally that I knew was standing in a corner of my tent, for it was as dark as Egyptian darkness itself, and commenced flailing my scanty bed with an earnestness that would have been highly amusing to a disinterested looker-on. I continued this healthful exercise for some fifteen minutes, in the fond hope that some of my random blows, although given in the dark, and without any knowledge of the locality of his snakeship, might be so fortunately directed as to finish the career of my enemy. But I was in total ignorance of the result, and had no means at hand by which I could throw any *light* on the subject. True, I had candles, but what use were they to me without matches? — and of them I had none.

‘I finally put on part of my clothes, threw my cloak around me, took my umbrella, for it was still raining in torrents, and sallied forth into the camp. But here I was no better off. The rain had extinguished the camp-fires, and darkness reigned supreme. The sentinel was at his post, but it was useless to trouble him with my story. My umbrella soon became useless as a protection against the drenching storm, and I was forced back to my tent for shelter. But here all was doubt and uncertainty. What had become of the snake? There was a possibility that I might have killed him, but there was an uncertainty about it. But I ventured back, and drawing out my rifle-case, which had served me for a pillow, I sat down on it, near the entrance to the tent, resolutely determined to watch the waning hours until day-light should reveal to me the result of my labors. The reader may imagine my thoughts, but it would be difficult to describe them. At length, it seemed almost like an eternity, the dawn broke upon another day. It was like a new life, a new being, a new existence. Again the life-blood began to course freely through my veins, my heart had gone back to its usual resting-place, and was again performing its accustomed functions. The first rosy tints of morning satisfied me my enemy was not in sight. Where was he? Was he lurking in some sly corner, ready to strike whenever I should approach him? Certain it was he had not coiled himself about my legs, nor had he wreathed himself about my body or neck! Where was he, then? Perhaps I had killed him. Lucky thought. Why had it not occurred to me before? Again I seized my stick, the same identical one with which I had performed such wonderful deeds in the dark the night before, and with this I raised the blankets up, and there lay my sleeping companion, my bed-fellow, now sleeping the sleep of death!

‘After this occurrence, I slept in my boat, and there was an additional tent for the use of the soldiers. But the reason for this was to them a mystery.’

Our readers will see that they have lost little by our permitting the writer of the foregoing thrilling adventure to tell his own story in his own way. It could not be improved.

♦ THE 'HARBUCKET' CORRESPONDENCE. — We 'hand herewith' another of the HARBUCKET letters. Let no reader fancy that they are not what they seem. Their genuineness, we are assured, is incontestable:

Motts Post ofis County of Clark Alabama. March the 20 1855. Mr BROWN SMITH and JOHNSON, Mobile.

'DEAR SIR: After my respex I write you these fue lines not bein abil to go down the things all come to hand and was in the General satisfactry excep mistakes in articles sent, you have sent Major SHADDRACK playin cards which is a hominashun to him and very deer at one dollar when he rit for Number foreteen cards for cardin cotton, you must skcratch them of of your book the hole foreteen dollars and write him about it and satisfy him for he was mighty mad thinkin you tuck him for a common gambler when he is a class leeder and stands high also you have sent DANL BUNN wimmin's stockings when he rit for cotton Hose which he is much kneadin of at these presents. We hear melasses is cheap thar if the are good and reasonabil when this comes to hand please send JOHN T. SHADDRACK one barl his mark, and one barl to me my mark WILEY HARBUCKET to me and haf a barl to DANL BUNN and charge every man his account and send all to cear of WATSON at the Peach Tree which is better for young niggers specially than bred and meet all the time for a constancy.

'Prospex is gloomy on account of no seizins the drouth baring hard on this sexshun the frost has killed all in this sexshun — cotton and corn that was up and what haint bin killed ded sickly and sore shin* and the ground two dry to plant a gin.

'The LORD sendeth the yerly and the latter rain let us strive to bar our cross — please write what prospex thar is for turpetime to bring a far price next year. raisin cotton seems like won't pay expenses and a family comin on kneadin skoolin. The county sales also come to hand prices looks low but all is satisfied you done your best for our interest and advantage in the sales — you rit in your letter DANL MORMAN one Bale mix — mix with what — if thar was any thing in it but cotton it wan't put in at my gin them fellers at Mobile pulls out a bundanse of peoples cotton out of the bale and might happen put in something to hide thar steelins which is a disgrace — Now Gent we paternize your house and looks to you to see justis done us in price and wait but this is a pint that teches a man's carackter, and your servant to comand wants you to see justis done in this pint which is a cusa-tion which I have never heerd before and have run a gin for going on eleven year. a good name is better than Ritches.

'In regardin of the war some in this sexshun thinks thar aint no war but them Brittish got up a tail about war to keep down cotton and by at thar oan valyashun which seems like enuff to get peoples produse for nothing and now when all in this sexshun has sold the papers says the Empror of Russia is ded and the war stopped to put up prices a gin which seems like swindlin the hard working planter out of thare property.

'Now Gent I want to ask the Curnal a particklar favor to see JARVIS TURNER what he will cut a marbil rock for a monymint for my diseased wife — likewise in

* DISEASE in the cotton plant.

particklar for the Curnal to write inskripshin for the same with some poetry but not in lattin which is not understood in this sexshun — and see JARVIS what he will charge — he will do what is far and write and make your bargan before hand I know the Curnal can write something sootabil which you must do for a nold frend and one that stands up strong for your house I will try to come down soon and hope to find you all in helth and prosperity which is my yernest prair for your wel-far tempral and eternal my helth is not good this spring and my affixions many, but the LORD will provide. as long as money matters is so tite down thar owin to low water and short reseets I hav got my naybors to let the balluns of proceeds to let it stand and not draw thar money till times gets better but you must allow Intrust in sertlement which is write and far.

'I have sent the cards into the river which will be shipped first bote and would not greeve if the was burned up and no more maid being a snar and a delushin of SATAN if they was inshured and no boddy to loose by it. And do n't negleck to write to Major SHADDRACK and he wants you to send him a skab and his barl of melasses the skab is for vaxinatin which is to be got from Doctor FERN and could be in closed in the letter. It greeves me to write that prospex for craps is unpromisin and religion at a low eb in this sexshun — no more at these presents from your servant to command,

WILEY HARBUCKET.'

OUR 'UP-RIVER' CORRESPONDENT ON HIS TRAVELS. — Our 'Up-River' and 'Green-Mountain' correspondent has 'changed the venue' of his writings; but go where he will, or abide where he may, he can't help being entertaining:

'BEING already acquainted with the features of the Hudson, the last time that I set my face to the north, I resolved to pass directly through the Land of Steady Habits. To be whirled along the whole extent of that rich and splendid valley, washed by the waters of the Connecticut, and to witness the succession of rural pictures, as in some unfolding panorama, is a glorious ride for a single day, and one of the most enjoyable nature. It is as if a hundred excursions and carriage-rides, in a hundred different villages, coalesced into one.

'At four o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant day of the 'moneth of May,' getting into one of the cars of the New-York and New-Haven Railroad, we rolled leisurely out of the city, and were soon crawling with greater precaution across what used to seem a ticklish frame-work thrown over the Harlem River, and reminded me of the skeleton of CESAR's bridge, as depicted in the old school-books. One breathes freer when such an awful gulf is safely passed, and you feel by a change of the jarring motion, that you have, beneath, the foundation of the solid earth. Arrived at Norwalk, we came to a dead stand, an awful pause, as if a lesson had been learned by bitter experience, then silently and slowly passed a spot to be held in everlasting remembrance.

'Hugging the shores of the Long-Island Sound, of whose picturesqueness we were much enamored, passing the highly respectable little city of Bridgeport, and Stratford, (beautiful, though not on Avon,) we entered New-Haven by a deep cut below the level of its halls of academic learning. Thence, northerly, progressing through many storied spots, the former residence of witches, we came to savory Wethersfield, and Hartford notorious for convention, to Springfield, where we

supped, and found a cleanly and sumptuous entertainment for the night. Here we feasted on Connecticut River shad, just out of the net, of super-excellent flavor and fatness, far superior to the first trophies of the season caught by 'Commodore SIMONSON,' yearly, in New-York bay, and served up on an ASTOR-House platter.

'Bright and early the gong of the MASSASSOIT House called all hands to breakfast, and, without waiting to be dazzled by the glittering arms in the arsenal, (glorified in LONGFELLOW's noble poem,) at the sound of the steam-whistle, we again entered the omnibus, and proceeded on our journey. Time would fail to tell of embowered Northampton, renowned for its EDWARDS, of Greenfield and of Vernon, of Brattleboro, Bellows' Falls, and of Windsor, all 'as good as any' places in their way. The Valley of the Connecticut, though often described, is rich and beautiful almost above description. The eye is continually feasted with pleasant pictures, from where its stream is broad and generous, until it narrows toward its sources in the northern hills. What fields! — what meadows! — what undulating pastures! — what hill-sides! — what kine! — what noble elms! — what ancient home-steads! Oh! it is a fat and pleasant heritage, suggestive of cream, and butter, and honey; another Canaan, or land of promise, overflowing with all sort of good things. The villages, mirrored in the peaceful flood, together with the sky and towering mountains, are like so many lovely Auburns.

'In no part of this continent can more favored or select localities be found for those who, wearied of bustle, would pitch their tents in the evening of life. As you gaze at the slopes *in transitu*, they present the smoothness and the richness of close-clipt, well-rolled English lawns. The vast level plains are just so elevated as to be above the reach of inundation, and to allow the river to percolate through the fields to the corn-roots and grasses. I observed a little village, which might contain five hundred inhabitants, cunningly placed in a valley just ample enough to receive it, the spire of its church peeping through the trees, and the Connecticut River circled about it, so that it seemed to be an islet. It was a perfect gem; yet I could not help thinking, that Arcadian as it appeared to be, its inhabitants might be still worldly, and that among them, as among larger communities, there might be rife the same hopes, the same objects, and the same ambitions. In the twinkling of an eye we were hurried past this rural elysium, without even being able to discover its name.

'There is one feature which I think must have struck the eye of the traveller in this splendid valley: the existence of certain little deserts, or patches of arid sand, comprising an acre or two, such as might have been wafted from the Rockaway beaches, as dead and barren as any in Arabia, while all around them the clover sprouts up, and a succulent foliage casts its shadows upon their margins. These are not oases in the deserts, but deserts, if I may so speak, among the oases. The contrast was remarkable, and I worried myself in conjecturing what winds had deposited the sands in such places, on the top of the rich loam, and destroyed the pasturage. I could not help remarking a wooded promontory, outjutting very boldly, around which the river wound in like manner as about the aforesaid village. It was the very place for a mansion, yet no mansion was there. At intervals, when the cars came to a stand, and the steam was whizzing off, we heard the silvery voice of frogs from the neighboring marshes intermingled with the rancous expositions of the big blusterers, whose cheeks are full of wind. The Connecticut frogs are by no means behind-hand in organic capacity. We observed the trains on a number of diverging rail-roads, and, regarding the speed of transit and the annihilation of distance, you cannot help thinking of these several routes as so

many continuations of streets in the great city. Private convenience is sometimes sacrificed to public utility, and many a lawn is dismembered, and many a pleasant walk or carriage-road destroyed by the direction of iron rails.

'As we approached the sources of the river, where it became narrow, and resolved itself into mountain-rills, and finally dwindled away till it was lost to sight, a rough and somewhat dismal waste of bogs and stumps presents itself, and some one justly remarked of the lands, they were 'cold and sour.' Here some patent stump-extractor has been at work. You will see a vast swamp covered with a charred and leafless forest, with unsightly and splintered limbs, which might put you in mind of the entrance of Acheron. On the outskirts, by way of fence, a vast number of uprooted snags, with the earth clinging to them, and their fibres sticking up in air, are ranged together, so as to form a rude, impervious fence. Those who like a wild and gloomy scene would keep their eyes open in this place; but for myself, I prefer to resort to carpet-bag, and fall back for entertainment on the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Tribune* newspapers, or it may be on the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine.

F. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — An enthusiastic American admirer of CHARLES LAMB, being recently in London, paid a visit to the East-India House, to witness the scene of his 'clerkly labors,' and had also the pleasure to pass an evening with the executor of the 'gentle ELIA.' He describes both in the passages which ensue, from a letter to the EDITOR:

'Who has not heard of the great East-India House, which controls so many millions of people and of money, and where LAMB, the gentle ELIA, used to 'post?' We cared not, however, for its wealth or fame, when we entered its dusty corridors, so full were we of other memories, of clever CHARLIE, the humorous clerk and cockney; for really is not one a cockney whose days are numbered within sight and sound of old St. PAUL'S, and who singularly prefers London smoke and London books to the soft air and crimson skies of COLERIDGE'S country-seat among the hills?

'After a tedious ramble among the heroes of the ledger, some of whom were LAMB'S successors in the dignities and emoluments of office, we eventually stumbled upon a son of his executor, who greeted us with English courtesy, and good-naturedly chatted about his father's friend. He related many anecdotes, not otherwise note-worthy than as proving that the personal recollections of our author were still perpetuated. He sometimes came late to business, and when cautioned by his worthy superior, would dryly answer: 'Oh! I'll make it up by leaving earlier.' As a boy, our informant well knew LAMB and his good sister, to whom he bequeathed some eleven hundred pounds, the little fortune of his life. MARY used to make a pet of him and give him cherries. As her brother never married, the East-India Company, after his demise, kindly settled upon her the 'Widow's Portion' of one hundred and twenty pounds a-year, in regard to her peculiar situation. In the register for the 'Home-Department,' the writer, after erasing his name, made the usual annotation that he was 'to retire upon a pension of four hundred and fifty pounds per annum.'

'The accountant's apartment, which he occupied, is rather gloomy, and has undergone a recent partition. His old companions of the establishment said he

enjoyed the reputation of a good-natured, odd little fellow, fonder of holydays than of hard work. Perhaps, however, he was not idle, or worse employed, in delving among the brown tomes of Cheapside and Paternoster-Row — those mines of 'English undefiled' — to bring out treasures 'new and old' for immortality!

'Our friend would see his father, and perhaps procure us some substantial relics of the essayist, if we would call again at our convenience.

'We did not fail, and upon our return, received an invitation from the executor himself to spend an evening at his house, some way out of town. Meanwhile, he exhibited the Oriental curiosities in the second floor of the building. There were models of Chinese summer-houses, cases of gold and silver gods, just worth their weight in hard metal; war-like trophies, won by the grim persuasion of the British bayonet; an emblematic hand-organ of a tiger eating a man, contrived by an Englishman, for the diversion of TIPPO SULTAN; a life-size figure of NADIR-SHAH, who, like MOHAMMED of old, had so many wives. We also saw the autograph manuscripts of LOUIS PHILIPPE and of OLIVER CROMWELL; (CARLYLE observes: 'There is a cart-load of them piled up somewhere in the British Museum;') a letter of Lord NELSON, in reply to a complimentary note from the Company, inclosing a handsome gift for his victories over the French, the present unnatural allies of their ancient foes. The museum looked like all other museums, very dull and dark, and contained beside one or two bricks from the Tower of Babel, I forget whether of the same color with those in the Berlin Library. It is of no consequence.

'But of our visit. We found the cordial old gentleman happy to greet 'the Americans.' He is now a staid pensioner of the India-House, and calmly spends the remnant of his days in moderate though leisurely independence. He shares beside, with the late NOON TALFOURN, the honor of being LAMB's executor, for certainly he was his dearest friend. The father, with his sister and two sons, composed the hospitable group. He was full twenty years younger than ELIA, and is now 'turned of sixty.' LAMB used to call him 'lad,' even after his maturity, and when a child, he experienced innumerable kindnesses from him in return for his faithfulness at the desk. When his task was over, he would often say to him: 'Come, lad, you have done enough; meet me to-night at the Temple, to eat cherries, or a plum-pudding.' Ah! those dainties! What boy ever forgets such benefactions?

'He had seen COLERIDGE, HAZLITT, and the literary characters at their convocations, or with his friend. HAZLITT then lived 'by his wits,' to quote his quaint expression, as a professed author, while LAMB was but an amateur. His devotion to his sister was something more than brotherly: it was divine. She was twenty years the elder, and ever as solicitous of him as a mother. He never married, it is known; but once upon a visit to Cambridge, fell enamored with a pretty maid at the inn, who was but twelve years of age. She was conveyed to London, to be educated — an extraordinary procedure truly; 'but then,' remarked our narrator, 'he was a strange fellow.' She finally married Moxton, who published the earliest editions of his 'Essays' in elegant style. Upon the front-leaf was written, 'C — R —, Esq., from his friend the Author,' in a truly graceful manner — no improper transcript, we opined, of his refined and gentle spirit. The same may be said of all his familiar letters which we read, and which were full of characteristic humor and genial feeling. Two of them presented us, are as follows:

"MY DEAR R —: We are fixed, but I am sorry to say that my sister is very

poorly again. I left myself in your debt. What is it? Two pounds I think. I cannot see my friends here for the above cause.—Yours truly, C. LAMB.

“*Chace-Side, Enfil., 1 October, 1827.*”

“DEAR R —: MARY begs to send her kind love to Mrs. R — and ELIZABETH, and hopes they and you will come down on Sunday morning next, to eat pig with us: 't is long since we have seen you. Pray let me know your decision on Thursday.

“Tuesday, 25th.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

“AUG. 29: The rains will be all rained out by then.”

‘We were shown two miniature profiles of him, pronounced to be accurate, that gave us no mean idea of the living man. He was slender, and of ordinary stature. What really intellectual person is extraordinary? He had a prominent forehead, small, twinkling eyes, an aquiline nose, and something of a Jewish physiognomy. His hair and complexion were dark. A pair of his big, horn-rimmed spectacles lay upon the table. He *was* very short-sighted. There was also the snuff-pouch, now a valued heir-loom, from which, perhaps, may be dated the sneezing inspiration of ‘Roast Pig.’ LAMB’s infirmities were those common to unsuspecting characters: an eager fondness of conviviality, and a too ready obedience to the humor or the impulse of the hour. A little spirituous drink would overcome him, and now and then a promised visit was in vain anticipated, and ELIA found the next day a snug guest of ‘my landlord,’ somewhere on the route. He seldom went to church, and cherished a CARLYLE-dislike for ‘existing institutions,’ but of a Sunday, he might be often seen with his inseparable sister, musing on nature as exhibited in the kaleidoscope colors of city and suburban life.

‘Methought our generous host himself was not disinclined to the flow of *spirits*, of which a half-dozen kinds were set before us, with the plea: ‘If you do not drink, you are no disciple of LAMB.’

‘As the hour of ghosts stole on, we parted with the old gentleman reluctantly, although we did not go home by ‘Cock-lane.’

‘He gave us a letter to the master of CHRIST’S Hospital, where LAMB and COLERIDGE studied ‘accidence.’ Think of the boy-poet and future essayist, arm-in-arm, arrayed like Lilliputian cowed monks, in blue coats, yellow skirts and socks, red leather waist-girdles, and white neck-cloths!

‘The ‘*Table-Talker*’ tell us, with JOHNSONIAN gravity: ‘The discipline of CHRIST’S Hospital, in my time was ultra-Spartan. Domestic ties were to be ignored. ‘Boy!’ I remember BOYER saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holydays, ‘Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! The school is your sister! The school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let’s have no more crying.’

‘The poet was a ‘Grecian,’ or first-rank scholar, and CHARLIE a ‘deputy,’ or second.

‘And now,’ writes a contemporary, ‘the boys still take their milk from wooden bowls, their meat from wooden trenchers, and their beer is poured from leathern black-jacks into wooden piggins.’

H.’

Talk *by* or *of* LAMB is pleasant. - - - EVER since PALMER, of Albany, the gifted sculptor, exhibited in the National Academy of Design the bust of his infant son, we have regarded him as the first American sculptor in exist-

ence; and every thing that has since proceeded from his chisel has only confirmed us in that opinion. We have a daguerotype of an alto-relievo of his, which has been enthusiastically admired by all to whom we have shown it, and of which we shall speak hereafter, as well as of some of his busts of eminent citizens of Albany. Our present purpose is to allude briefly to his last and crowning work, '*The Indian Maiden*,' a full-length statue, idealizing '*The Introduction of Christianity among the Indian Race*.' It is the very perfection of nature, beauty, and grace. It represents an Indian girl, finding, in one of her forest-rambles in search of flowers and feathers, a crucifix, which she holds and regards with deep interest. Her blanket has fallen from the upper part of her body, and hangs from her waist to the ground, leaving the arms and most of the trunk nude. 'The accessories,' says Mr. STILLMAN, one of the editors of '*The Crayon*' art-journal, a candid and competent authority, 'are realized with wonderful delicacy, and the drapery is composed with perfect grace and unity. This would be obtrusive were not the same minuteness carried through the figure, and the subtlest markings of the flesh given with a truth inappreciable by any body but a practised artist. The hands particularly are the most perfect specimens of finish I have ever seen. I am aware that this will be found fault with by most sculptors, but it has still my entire sympathy, as far as that is worth any thing. There is no reason why detail should not, in Art, and particularly in sculpture, be carried to the nearest approach to Nature's finish possible, and if it injure the effect of the whole, it is from the detail falling short of the perfect truth. The great problem in the practice of art is to unite the highest perfection of detail with the fullest impression of the whole, and there is no reason why we should compromise more than Nature does. This problem I believe PALMER to be solving in sculpture, as the pre-RAPHAELITES of England are solving it in painting; and it does not matter whether his statue will compare with this thing or that of the antique. I presume it will not, as there is nothing like it in its sentiment or execution in my acquaintance with art. There is not a trace of Greek manner in it; no classicalism of any kind, which we might expect from the sculptor's never having studied any thing but Nature itself.' Exactly: and we hope he never will. Some one asked Mr. PALMER, in our presence, if he had ever been to Italy. He replied modestly that he had not. 'Well, you need n't go,' said a by-stander, 'unless you go to open a school!' He had not only not been to Italy, but he had no model save NATURE herself, of whom he is a devoted worshipper. 'PALMER's greatness,' continues '*The Crayon*,' 'consists in the fulness of his feeling for the beauty of form, and in this respect his statue is alone in modern art, and as much superior to the Greek Slave, as it is purer and more chaste in sentiment.' POWERS, who has only seen one or two daguerotypes of PALMER's busts, pronounces the highest eulogiums upon them. And well he may. It cannot be denied, nay it is admitted by the best judges in this country, that PALMER's genius in conception and skill in execution are superior to those of POWERS himself. And farther, we believe POWERS himself would admit it. - - - Our neighbor and contemporary of the '*Rockland County Journal*,' (printed in the adjoining

pleasant village of Nyack,) Mr. WILLIAM G. HAESELBARTH, is publishing, in successive numbers, a '*History of Rockland County*,' which is replete with interest. It will surprise many persons to know how much the county of Rockland contributed to the stirring incidents of 'the times that tried men's souls.' Her soil is made sacred by many a patriotic association, and the men and means she contributed to swell the triumphs of liberty have at last found a worthy and a competent chronicler. Of the 'History' to which we have alluded, we propose (*Deo volente*) to speak somewhat more at large hereafter, when time and place shall serve. - - - 'WILL you give me a glass of ale, please?' asked a rather seedy-ish looking person, with an old but well-brushed coat and a most *too* shiny a hat. It was produced by the bartender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler. 'Thank ye,' said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said: 'That is very fine ale—*very*. Whose *is* it?' 'It is HARMAN'S ale.' 'Ah! HARMAN'S, eh? Well, give us another glass of it.' It was done; and holding it up to the light and looking through it, the connoisseur said: 'Pon my word, it is superb ale—*superb*! clear as Madeira. I must have some more of that. Give me a *mug* of it.' The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips the imbibor said: '*Whose* ale did you say this was?' 'HARMAN'S,' repeated the bar-tender. The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went toward the door: 'HARMAN'S ale, is it? I *know* HARMAN very well—I shall see him soon, and will settle with *him* for two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew! Good-mawning!' - - - 'I HAVE seen one die—the delight of his friends, the pride of his kindred—but he died! How beautiful was that offering upon the altar of DEATH! The fire of genius kindled in his eye; the generous affections of youth mantled in his cheek; his foot was upon the threshold of life; his studies, his preparations for an honored and useful existence were completed; his heart was filled with a thousand glowing and noble and never yet expressed aspirations—but he died! Can we believe that the energy just trained for action, the embryo thought just bursting into expression, the deep and earnest passion of a noble nature, just swelling into every beautiful virtue, should never manifest its power, should never speak, never unfold itself? Can we believe that all this should die? No! ye glorious in youthful virtue! ye die not in vain; ye teach, ye assure us that ye are gone to some nobler world of life and action!' These thoughts of an eloquent divine came to our mind upon the receipt of a letter from an esteemed friend and correspondent in Philadelphia, announcing the untimely death of Mr. ROBERT M. RICHARDSON, well known to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER as the author of the papers entitled '*Men, Manners, and Mountains*,' and other sketches published under his name in this Magazine. It was as a literary correspondent merely that we first became acquainted with Mr. RICHARDSON; but he subsequently visited New-York, and we had the pleasure to make his personal acquaintance—and it is a pleasure to remember. He accompanied us to our summer residence on the Hudson, and passed several days with us; and upon every member of our

little circle he made the most favorable impression. He exhibited the wisdom of mature years in the person of a mere youth. His manners were gentle and refined; he displayed without ostentation the fruits of foreign travel and liberal culture; his nature was most genial, and he was ever inquired after by every member of the family with an affectionate interest. We had heard of his illness, but scarcely thought that one so apparently robust could be in any danger from a complaint (neuralgic rheumatism) which usually yields to medical treatment. 'For weeks and months before his death,' writes an intimate friend of the deceased, 'he suffered the most excruciating pains in all parts of his frame. These he bore with unflinching fortitude. The clergyman who attended him found in him a remarkably interesting subject of conversion, as his accurate and logical mind did not yield to excitement, but to the calmest and most rational conviction. Step by step he advanced toward religion; and, as he never yielded when once convinced, I am certain he would have remained, as he died, a firm and undoubting believer. I cannot speak too highly of the earnestness and ability manifested by his spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. JENKINS, rector of Calvary Church, not only during his illness, but also in his funeral address, which was a master-piece of straightforward and simple eloquence.' Poor ROBERT! we were friends, and understood each other. When shall we cease to remember the farewell French breakfast we took together at the New-York Hotel, the last time we saw him! — the mutual interchange of thought, and feeling, and fancy? We add no more; reserving for a friend the closing tribute to his memory:

To Robert M. Richardson.

BY C. G. LEIAND.

'In the air a solemn music!
In my heart a solemn echo!
As I watched by the for ever silent dead.
'T was a deep chord struck at random
By some passing serenader,
Or the final chime, reëchoed, of a bell.

'Not until 't was lost for ever,
Not until I heard its echo,
Did I know there had been music pealing near.
O thou death-white friend before me!
Art thou but a fading echo
Of the wonderful life-music which thou wert?

'Ah! while *those* notes were ringing,
Scarcely we knew if their vibrations
Owed their being to life's merry minstrel art,
Or if deeper inspiration,
As of midnight church-bells' music,
Rang concealed, yet ever moving through thy soul!

'Now that all is still around me,
Gentle memories kindly whisper
That 't was pleasant lyric music heard at first;
But it blended as it vanished
'Mid the higher, nobler echoes
Of a sacred, solemn pealing from on high.

' In the past, as friendly rivals,
 We aspired to mutual knowledge.
 Where is rivalry and earthly knowledge now?
 Since thy wondrous graduation,
 To one-millionth of thy knowledge
 All the learning of all ages were as naught.

' All the awful silent wisdom
 Which inspired life's early ages,
 Though it gazed for earnest centuries on the gate,
 Never glanced beyond that portal
 On whose front is plainly written
 The name of the untitled teacher, *Death*.

' Thou hast passed that solemn portal,
 And the great examination.
 Stern was the parting lesson of thy life:
 Its wearying hours are over,
 Its fears are all forgotten,
 And thou art blest in infinite repose.

' Farewell! The latest memory
 Which blends with thee and silence,
 Is that of gentle music, sweet and low,
 Of merry tones aspiring,
 'Mid solemn chimes expiring,
 Lost amid thoughts of thee and long ago.'

Peace, peace to the dead! - - - ONE of the 'lions' of New-York, one of which our 'great metropolis,' and the country at large, may very justly be proud, as an 'institution' — for it is nothing less — of their own creation, is '*Harpers' Printing-House*,' on FRANKLIN Square, Pearl-street, east, and on Cliff-street west. This immense structure, from the foundation to the top, has grown up as it were under our very eyes; our almost daily duties leading us to our own tall and large printing-office, in the last-named street, where Mr. GRAY performs the printing of multitudinous books, reviews, magazines, newspapers, and all the varieties that the art-typographical can compass, 'with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.' HARPERS' PRINTING-HOUSE (we hope they will *call* it so, instead of giving the numbers of the buildings which the vast structure includes) is undoubtedly the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in the world. There is a vast printing-house at Leipsic, but it fades before our American house, whose architecture on FRANKLIN Square is extremely imposing. Its immense height, its great width, the graceful bend of the swelled front, the long lines of pillars, with their beautiful capitals, and the extended rows of statues which they support; the varied and numerous heads in alto-relievo, and the colossal statue of FRANKLIN over the middle entrance, all satisfy the eye, and impel the warmest admiration. The Cliff-street edifice, connected by covered ways with the Pearl-street structure, is of the same height and dimensions, and from the basement to the roof exhibits the 'beauty of utility' in the highest degree. Both buildings are, in every story, entirely isolated, and both are fire-proof in every part, and in every possible particular. In looking up at this great work now, we can but call to mind the BROTHERS, as we saw them on the morning after their great loss, looking sorrowfully into the smoking, smouldering ruins of their establishment — all gone in a single

day! But there seems little to lament now. Energy, perseverance, and ample credit, the result of a long-sustained good name, have stood the BROTHERS in good stead, and the result is before us. 'Success to them!' say we with all our heart. We have known this firm — perhaps few persons more intimately — for nearly a quarter of a century, and we have invariably found them, what all who know them, know them to be, energetic, upright, liberal men of business, and in private character irreproachable, in every relation of life. In reading lately in an English journal an account of the death of one of the 'CHEERYBLE BROTHERS,' (the GRANTS, wealthy manufacturers, of Manchester,) we could not help comparing them with the Brothers HARPER, in many particulars. 'A friend of WILLIAM's, (the deceased,) says the writer, 'once asked him to what he attributed their amazing success. The reply was: 'Why, Sir, you see that we were four brothers, who never had a word of disagreement with each other, and we all worked heartily together for the common good. Then, Sir, we took care never to have a bad stock; for whenever any thing hung in the market, we pushed it off and tried to produce something better; and then, Sir, money made money. The more liberal we were, the more PROVIDENCE seemed to bless us.' And he might have included,' adds the writer, 'in the causes of their success, the strict integrity which gave all who bought from them the firm assurance that they would be honorably dealt with.' - - - 'T WAS on a Monday morn in May,' that we took a Third-Avenue car, and rode up to the Botanical Gardens of our old friends, Messrs. THOMAS HOGG AND SONS, turning off at the junction of Seventy-ninth-street with the Avenue. The day was lovely, and we found the green-houses full of flowers of the rarest beauty, which filled the whole air with fragrance. There was but one thing which threw a cloud of sadness over our thoughts, and that was the recollection how many times we had met the manly form and listened to the entertaining and instructive converse of the aged Father, who had been called hence since we last had visited the Garden, garnered by the great reaper DEATH, as 'a shock of corn fully ripe in his season.' For twenty years we had known him well; and many is the half-hour we have listened to him while he described his early years in Scotland. He was distantly related to JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, and when excited by his theme, had much of his natural eloquence, and all his love of the beautiful in nature. 'I was born,' said Mr. HOGG to us one day, 'within twenty-five miles of Edinburgh, and yet I never saw that most beautiful of cities till after I was twenty-one years of age; although every clear morning I could see the blue top of 'ARTHUR'S Seat,' that looked down upon the town.' He loved his profession of florist, and not a man in America understood it better. He invested his flowering shrubs and plants with an almost sentient vitality. Would that we could recal and repeat the remarks he made to us one morning, while grafting new varieties of roses upon stalwart stems in his east garden! It was the very 'poetry of flowers;' and delivered with striking enunciation, in a voice whose depth and richness no one who ever heard it will forget, (with the slightest possible broad Scottish *burr*;) it made an impression upon us that can never be effaced. A good man has gone — an honest, clear-headed,

warm-hearted, unobtrusive, unpretending citizen has passed to his final rest, leaving not a man on earth who knew him that does not honor his memory. We have a well-engraved portrait of him from the burin of BANNISTER, as we write, and it seems as if we were standing by his side, among the flowers he knew and loved so well. His sons, partaking in full measure of his love of his profession, and skill in its practice, reign in his stead. They will worthily follow in the steps of a worthy father. - - - We speak with confidence and with pleasure in commending to the public favor '*The Student*,' published from Number Ten, APPLETON'S Building, Number 348 Broadway. It is prepared with great care and good judgment by a practised and skilful editor, Mr. CALKINS, who has had abundant experience, and is well qualified to discharge acceptably the duties of his vocation. Well edited, well printed upon good paper, published regularly, and circulated promptly, it has received well-merited encouragement. But its chief merit consists in the literary excellence and high moral tone of its selections, and the original contributions of its editor. It is designed for the young, or as its name implies, for the 'student;' and its inculcations, so far as we have had an opportunity to test them, have been of the most unexceptionable character. '*The Student*' has commanded, and, we cannot doubt, will continue to command, the favorable commendations of our contemporaries, and the liberal patronage of the public. We consider it invaluable to teachers. - - - VERY timely and appropriate are the beautiful stanzas which ensue. But they need little introduction or praise from our poor pen:

A Spring Thought.

I.

'SALT tears my eye-lids stain;
I live in bitter pain,
Because I live in vain!

II.

'My soul lies in a dream,
Like rooted weeds that seem
To drift upon a stream.

III.

'Above larks trill their lay;
Below moles grub their way;
Earth laughs with buds of May!

IV.

'Within my heart I fold
Their lore, so often told,
That Life is never old.

V.

'This truth to me they bring;
But I—I have no Spring;
I neither work nor sing!

Tender and beautiful. - - - Our friend and correspondent 'LORRAINE' dropped into the publication-office just now, saying, as he removed his hat and ran his fingers through his flowing silvery locks, 'What a heavenly day it is! — and yet I have been looking at those who can't see it. To them 'no sun, no moon, no stars — all dark!' Give me a pen, ink, and paper;' and down sat 'the Colonel,' and threw off the following:

'MAY 10, '55: A crowd is at this moment pressing through the entrance to the Tabernacle. An omnibus is backed up to the curb-stones, and men are busy in handing out some boys of eight, ten, and twelve years old, and others of riper years. They step out cautiously, their arms some on the shoulders of their companions, and some holding by the hand; some looking thoughtful, and a few wearing smiles — but *all blind!*

'Great FATHER in Heaven! — here comes down, from THY blue cerulean, light, clear, bright, beautiful, filling the world with its glory, and giving life and loveliness to this season of flowers; but not one ray penetrates the eye, or gives a reflex of all this surrounding beauty to a single one of all this little array of sightless ones!

'Not one of these benighted of our race can do else than be stationary till guided to the great Hall, where they are to exhibit this lack of eye-sight, and testify to the benevolence that has found ways for pouring light upon the intellect, and teaching those hearts that beat, alas! how sorrowfully, in view of the deprivation they endure, how to love that GOD whose mercies are over all HIS works, and the SON, who 'brought life and immortality to light, through the Gospel,' which, though they *see* not its life-inspiring words, yet are enabled to *read* them, and feel their unction and their power.

'But oh! how my own heart felt the throb of gratitude that *I* had no such dark and impenetrable curtain between my eyes and the visible glory of this lovely day!

'*'T* is right to measure lots with those less favored than ourselves, that we may learn with patience to bear our moderate ills, and sympathize with other suffering mourners,' as sang the heavenly-minded COWPER.

'Who of us can fancy his condition, and the terrible loss of being deprived of sight, and having shut out from his view for ever the sun, the moon, and the stars, and all the beauty and glory of this magnificent world!

'Blessings on these sightless ones who are at this moment assembling in the Tabernacle! and blessings on those who have provided for them the asylum, in which they have found a retreat from the storms of life, and hearts ever anxious to pour the light of life in upon their souls!

LORRAINE.'

We join LORRAINE in saying 'Amen to that!' - - - We like Albany. It is a very picturesque city, 'set on an hill, whose lights cannot be hid.' Its frame of mountains, too, in the region round about, is exceedingly beautiful, seen at morn, or eve, or 'high mid-day noon.' You can hardly come to a cross-street, without seeing, far to the south, the blue Kaatskills undulating their humps along the horizon. Also the Capitol is an instructive and interesting place to visit. There we saw the great 'Prohibitory Law' passed in the Senate, presided over with ability and dignity by our old friend and

contemporary, the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. H. J. RAYMOND. Through the kindness of the honorable member for Rockland, Mr. FERDON, we were shown through the State Library, a new and beautiful edifice, presided over in part by the accomplished poet STREET. There we saw — what it were well worth a day's journey to see — the treasonable papers of ARNOLD that were found in the boot of poor Major ANDRE, who passed from his prison in the 'Seventy-Six House' to his grave, both a 'short and easy' walk from where we now write. Think of the associations connected with these crumpled papers, bearing even now the pressure of ANDRE's foot in numerous creases! Wretched ARNOLD! — unhappy ANDRE! Moreover, there was a pillar pointed out to us, in the spacious lobby of the Capitol, where a member was, some years ago, *offered considerable money if he would vote for a certain bill then before the House of Assembly!!* The name of the offender has not been preserved, but of the fact we are credibly informed there is not the slightest doubt! Such is legislation! Yes: Albany is a pleasant place; but don't judge of it from the hackmen at the wharves. Six of these nervous but inelegant personages once seized a small valise of ours, which they bore to six different hotels, and wanted six shillings a-piece for the job! Never *was* so worried before — *never!* - - The following lines are by our friend RICHARD HAYWARDE, the immortal biographer of 'Captain DAVIS (JONATHAN R.)' and of the SPARROWGRASS Papers in the KNICKERBOCKER and PUTNAM's Magazine:

'I LENT my love a book one day,
She brought it back, I laid it by;
'T was little either had to say —
She was so strange, and I so shy.

'But yet we loved indifferent things —
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune;
And TIME stood still and wreathed his
wings
With rosy links from June to June.

'For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? what hardship bear?
But with her, ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

'And she with me, so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in a crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blushful impudence.

'She married! well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share —

And little cares sprang up like weeds,
And played around her elbow-chair.

'And years rolled by, but I, content,
Trimmed my one lamp and kept it bright,
'Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

'And then it chanced, I took the book
Which *she* had read in days gone by,
And as I read such passion shook
My soul, I needs must curse or cry.

'For here and there her love was writ
In old, half-faded pencil-signs,
As if she yielded, bit by bit,
Her heart, in dots and under-lines.

'Ah! silvered fool! too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim, '*Lend no maid a book,
Unless you read it afterward.*'

You must read this two or three times. - - - THERE are now at Messrs. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS' two of the most exquisite historical pictures that we have ever seen. DUNCAN painted them. They represent two scenes in the life of the last romantic hero, theme of poet's song, sennachie's legend, woman's dreaming, and strong, loyal man's intense, devoted love, Prince CHARLES EDWARD STUART. The first picture shows him proud, triumphant, glorious, the flush on his cheek, and the bright sparkle in his eye, mounted

upon his superb charger, his chest expanded, a bright smile upon his lips, the flowers and hearts of his people thrown at his feet; and the next shows him fugitive, broken in heart as in fortune, lying in a wild highland cave, with a wild Gael or two and a noble dog watching him; and with what comes next to angelic devotion, *woman's* devotion, in the person of FLORA MACDONALD, kneeling near him. He is broken, destroyed, pale; his tattered tartan hanging raggedly about him, his beautiful face emaciated and hollow, his future over-clouded for ever; a price set upon his head, and himself a crushed, broken-down wanderer in the kingdom that was his father's and his own. The triumphal entry of Prince CHARLES EDWARD into Edinburgh is a master-piece of grouping and coloring. The family of TULLIBARDINE, from the Marquis to the old foot-man; the haughty heads of the Duke of PERTH and MACDONALD of Clan-Ronald; the wild devotion given to the faces of HUGH STEWART, KINLOCK-MOIRART's brother, and the Miller of Invernahayle are master-efforts. The Tullibardine pipers are *alive*, as is the fierce CATERAN HAMISH MCGREGOR. And, grandest of all, as your eye moves from one side of the picture to the other, you see all human love and human hate in the heads of LOCHIEL of Cameron and of the sour Cameronian fanatic who glowers from the steps of his meeting-house at the beautiful young prince. By the way, LOCHIEL is said to be a portrait of JOHN WILSON, (CHRISTOPHER NORTH.) Of the other picture, we have only to say that it is unutterably sad, and represents what we have described. Another portrait of Professor WILSON is given in the head of the old man. The fire-light on his grand old face, as it looks out into the dim midnight; the boy restraining the noble hound who has scented the accursed *sidier ruadh*, and the kneeling, heroic woman, are beyond description tender, expressive, and affecting. Go: see: subscribe for the exquisite engravings. - - - We thought so! When we saw the moon in eclipse pale her ineffectual light in the still mirror of the Tappaän-Zee, we said, 'in'erldy,' 'Surely, *surely* PEPPER is looking at that phenomena!' We were right; for here is the proof of it. And what a perfect thing it is, *in its way*! — what a *Torso* of a glorious statue of Genus! Podd and PEPPER have both 'wrung another 'Pome' from the depth of their Being,' and here it is; but we have lost Podd's letter to the Editor:

'T k l i p s .

'BEHOALD the moon diminish into nothink!
 At ons hese cheet, his brite carere cut of.
 Onc he wos rejoiciuk as he was able
 To afoard sech a good artical ov lite
 He bein smal & not yet got his groth.
 But the prases as wos lavish onto him
 Had the efec to onsetle his mynd.
 He thot of his rivles as was gelus
 & was afrade hede git hirt, or wots wers
 To a sensitiv loominery — squencht.
 'His wers feres alas air sadly realiz.
 Altho he woud shyne, yet we se he cant.
 In consekens ov a peculer araingment
 Al ov his efforts doant doo no good. Wy did Erth
 Step in so furis & elbo of the trac
 The swete moon as had delited thousans?
 Wy? did I sa wy? i sed wy.
 Evidentli becaus he was a burnink 2 mutch ile.
 He was a-exertin ov hisself in a onnaternal maner.

Cood he expec to shyne so allers?
 Dident Erth no it? Dus Erth no eny think?
 Hes he administered a chee onto the occashun?
 Wy did the clowds cum up & complete the seen?
 Wy? Because al nacher simparchize.
 They regelates ech other. Wen 1 gos it
 2 fast fur his helth tha al resun with him,
 1st mild; & ef that doant doo no good
 Then rayther stronger, as we se. Its suposed
 That 2 or 3 sech corecshuns in a year
 Is al as kepes him frum maikin a fool ov hisself.

'But my Muse she is a levink. She's afeard
 To trust her PEPPER sens the Grate Pome.
 I xpec it was rayther hard onto her,
 Gugink frum my oan meloncolly sitocation,
 Wich is Bad. Alas! like unfortoonat Moon
 The Pote was 2 cairles in the yuse of his ile.
 His fireweres was fine, but 2 xpensiv.
 So Nacher steps in, nocs Genus concaiv,
 & he is presently a agerwated Human Eklips
 Ov the wers kynd. Sech is the misfortoons of Genus.'

PEPPER 'knows no eclipse.' - - - We mentioned the circumstance in our last, of a recent visit we had paid to the *Albany County Penitentiary*, under the superintendence (from its inception, through its gradual progress, until its final completion, and at present) of AMOS PINSBURY, Esq., conceded to be one of the most experienced as he is one of the most accomplished prison-wardens in this country. We mean precisely what the word 'accomplished' implies, in our use of it in this place. To be a successful prison-warden involves not only a natural *gift* to govern large bodies of men of different degrees of vice and crime, but it requires *study* and *experience*, and practised skill, which constitute an 'accomplished' officer. In fact, it should be as much a profession as that of a physician or a clergyman. In reading the six annual reports of the Albany Penitentiary, we see from the minute details of the establishment how well and worthily the confidence of the inspectors has been given to, and rewarded by, their superintendent. The edifice itself is an ornament to Albany. It stands a little way to the south of the city, upon a beautiful slope of carefully-cultivated ground, approached by a MACADAMIZED road as smooth as a race-course. As we glanced at the beautiful lawn, the imposing exterior of the prison, with its flanking octagonal towers, the spacious apartments of the warden, and drank in the charming view presented on all sides, we could not help thinking that the sudden shutting out of so much that was beautiful must add not a little to the punishment of the prisoner, as he enters the penitentiary. Within, all is labor and silence. Ceaseless toil alternates only with solitary repose. It is *the rule*, and it never alters. This is the penalty of crime, for which men and women are *sent* there — and that penalty must be *paid*. The uniform is, one half the leg, up and down, black, contrasted on the other side with a lighter color. The cells are unusually large; the work-shops airy; the chapel large and commodious; and the whole prison as clean as a Dutch 'keeping-room' in every part. The marching of the prisoners to and from their meals is in the closest order, and is like the step of one man. Well does this institution deserve the high title of 'Model Prison.' It has

earned it, 'from its beginning hitherto.' - - - We call attention to the article upon '*The Occupation of Constantinople by the French and English*,' in preceding pages. It proceeds from the capable pen of an old contributor in the Orient, and is authentic in every particular. *Apropos* of this matter; a friend, also long a resident in the East, writes us as follows: 'There is much in the position of things here now to remind me of the visit which the French made here in 1200, as described by GEOFFREY DE VILLEHARDOUIN: also by the Crusaders, as narrated in Sir WALTER SCOTT's writings. Somewhere about one hundred and twenty thousand French and fifty-six thousand English have left their homes for the East, of whom ninety thousand or so French, and twenty thousand English live to 'tell the tale.' The Turks have lost, I suppose, already forty or fifty thousand men on the Danube and in the Crimea! You will have read all the accounts written by English correspondents in the Crimea to English papers in London, of the almost incredible sufferings experienced by the English army before Sebastopol. It is well for history that these accounts come from the English, and not from foreigners. The cause of all this is seen in that miserable system of the British Government, by which a large majority of the officers are members of the British aristocracy, uneducated for soldiers, and totally without any experience as such, whose only qualifications are their birth and wealth. One cannot but exclaim, 'West-Point for ever!' Long life and prosperity to this American institution, which knows no birth and no wealth, and where merit alone advances the man! France's Emperor is expected here soon. Generosity would seem to lead him not to profit by the sudden demise of the great man of the age, NICHOLAS, now no more. The SULTAN was very much affected by the news of the death of the great enemy of his country; and I have it from an eye-witness, that he stood for some moments in silence, with his eyes suffused with tears when the telegraphic dispatch was communicated to him by the minister of war.' - - - 'OBSERVING in the papers of yesterday,' writes our welcome correspondent, 'F.,' 'a notice of the death of J — W —, I was reminded of the following authentic anecdote which is currently related of him: Some years since he was accosted by an acquaintance with: 'How do you get along?' 'Not very well; I've lost my wife: Every thing goes wrong; I want to die and go to heaven, if I can *get* there.' 'What kind of a place would you have Heaven to be?' asked his interrogator. 'Why, Sir,' said W —, who was a good sportsman, 'I would have it a boundless prairie, with an eternal September; and I'd have with me an everlasting gun and a never-dying dog!' He had CAMPBELL's Indian idea, that 'his faithful dog should bear him company.' - - - Our readers will be pleased to learn that JOHN WEIK, of Philadelphia, is now publishing a complete edition of HEINE's works. The series is beautifully printed, on fine paper, and, while equal in every respect to the European edition, it is sold at one third the price. This edition will embrace 'every thing' ever written by HEINE, and to effect this the publisher has spared no pains or expense to collect, from old magazines and forgotten pamphlets, all that has fallen from the pen of this 'witty and wicked' writer. Mr. WEIK was the first to publish a perfect American edition of HEINE, and his may

be confidently recommended as the *only* one which should be patronized by a scholar. Mr. WEIK has also in press a translation of HEINE's works, by CHARLES G. LELAND, an accomplished German scholar, and a most skilful and faithful translator. No living German writer has exerted an influence to be compared with that of HEINE, and his position *as a classic* has long called for a complete English version. We cannot refrain from presenting 'in this connection,' two little fragments from HEINE, which we find upon a proof-sheet envelope of a newspaper containing the above announcement. They will show to the German scholar the truthful rendering of our friend and correspondent, 'Meister KARL:' *apropos* of whom we may say, that he has *his own* ('Meister KARL's') writings, chiefly from the KNICKERBOCKER, in preparation for speedy publication in the best style. It is little to say that they will be popular, because they *are* popular. But *revenons à nous* HEINE:

'Taking it Easy.

'I PAIN would linger near thee,
But when I sought to woo,
Thou hadst no time to hear me,
Thou hadst 'too much to do.'

'At last thou didst confuse me
More utterly than this;
For thou didst e'en refuse me
A trifling parting kiss!

'I told thee, shortly after,
That all thine own I'd be;
And, with a peal of laughter,
Thou mad'st a courtesy.

'Fear not that I shall languish,
Or shoot myself, oh! no;
I've gone through all this anguish,
My dear, long, long ago.'

'My Best Friend.

'THEY gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me more and more;
Said that I only should 'wait awhile,'
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

'But with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

'Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him, though *other* folks can,
For I myself am this excellent man!'

This will prove a popular work. - - - The death, some weeks since, of Mr. ZIMMERMAN, the highly-esteemed Consul for the Netherlands, has excited deep regret in this community. Mr. ZIMMERMAN was one of the oldest consuls in the United States, having been appointed Consul for this State, and those of Connecticut and New-Jersey, by the late King WILLIAM the Second of the Netherlands, in 1819. In 1842, he was made a Chevalier (or knight) of one of the chief orders. In 1852, he was appointed by the present king, WILLIAM the Third, Consul-General for the United States. He died of congestion of the lungs, after an illness of only an hour's duration, on the night of the 23d of March, leaving a large and deeply-attached family to mourn his irreparable loss. We shall miss his benevolent face, and agree-

able, manly bearing hereafter at the board of good St. NICHOLAS, where he was ever a welcome and favorite guest. The duties of the consulate rendered vacant by his death are performed by J. E. ZIMMERMAN, until orders are received from the Netherlands. - - - THE *esprit-de-corps* of military companies always appeared to us an excellent thing. It widens the social circle, extends the chain of friendship, and begets frequent 'eras of good feeling.' In the little village where we have our summer 'abidement,' we are not without one of these pleasant corps. The '*Piermont Guards*,' Captain JOHNSON commander, is as neat and tastefully-uniformed a company, and as well drilled, as you would desire to meet of a summer's day. Recently they had a 'fine time' at the 'DELMORE House,' in the village, after a parade through the streets, during which their manly bearing and good training excited marked admiration. At half-past seven o'clock on the evening of the same day they went into 'DELMORE Hall,' where, after an opening prayer by Rev. J. WEST, they were addressed by Colonel ISAAC SLOAT, of Middletown, Captain WILLIAM J. FOLGER, Hon. J. W. FERDON, and LUTHER COLVILLE, of Piermont. The occasion was a highly interesting one; the speeches were lively, and to the point, and all parties enjoyed themselves 'to the top of their bent.' - - - THE following 'touches us nearly.' All our readers know how fond we are of '*Lines Written for Music*,' when the commencement of the 'piece' is given as its title: such, for example, as '*When my Eye*,' etc.:

'Seek not with Meat or 'taters Brown.'

BY A RISING POET.

'SEEK not with meat or 'taters brown,
My appetite to move;
Bring me fried oysters from the town,
For they are what I love:
Good oysters fried in 'SHELLEY's mode,
For beef should ne'er be changed;
My palate owns a higher code,
It will not be estranged.

'Beef may relieve an English mind,
And calm JOHN BULL to rest,
But JONATHAN will always find
That oysters, they are best:
'Tis oysters that alone have power
To make a man feel easy,
When fried with spirit at the hour,
All looking fat and greasy.'

All but the 'greasy!' - - - MESSRS. FETRIDGE AND COMPANY advertise that they have purchased the advance-sheets from SAMPSON LOW, SON AND COMPANY, of London, of the recently-discovered romance, alleged to have been written by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and entitled, '*Moredun: a Romance of 1210*.' It will be published in London, Paris, and New-York at the same time. The English price is eight dollars, but the American publishers, notwithstanding the large amount paid for it, will issue an edition at fifty cents. The publishers anticipate a large sale. - - - It seems something too

late now to dwell upon Mr. BANCROFT's well-known splendid oration before the Historical Society, in November last, on '*The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promise of the Progress of the Human Race*,' or upon the proceedings at the dinner which followed its delivery; yet these are among our deferred pages. We cannot afford, however, to 'lose the type' of Mr. THEODORE E. TOMLINSON's extempore but graceful and fanciful response to the toast to WOMAN:

'WOMAN,' if first in our affections, should not be last in our toasts. She has fallen into my arms, and I will uphold her with all the chivalry of the feudal ages. Woman is a theme worthy the poet or orator. Did not HOMER, the blind bard, sing of woman, and when we read of HECTOR bearing thick battle on his sounding shield, or holding aloft young ASTYANAX, trembling at his nodding plume, do we not revert to beauteous HELEN — sad ANDROMACHE?

'Did not our orator-historian to-day, from whose hand the centuries seemed to fly, did he not pause to play celestial music to woman? did he not say that of all things beautiful of earth, the veil of her spirit was most beautiful, that in our briery life she was the lily, or — I forget, for the flowers were all emulous; the gentle daisy lifted up its head, the violet breathed a newer fragrance, and the rose angrily blushed woman's pride and woman's loveliness. She is greater than the historian; he but records the past — she makes history: her gentle hand bends the twig that gives inclination to the oak; on the infant brow she stamps the character of the nation. It was only when luxury crept into the domestic circle, and stained the fire-side, when there were no Spartan mothers, no Roman matrons, that Rome and Sparta fell.

'Woman is the type of civilization — in savage life a slave, in refined, a queen! What distinguishes this nation most? what impresses the noble of other lands that the 'American' is the more delicate, the higher refinement, is our veneration for woman. She can go unharmed all through our vast country, her guardian angel the spirit of the people. I cannot read the future; the horizon is obscured, the firmament is not clear. Who can tell what will grow out of the conflicts of the old world, and the anxieties of the new? This I believe, that as long as the American people preserve their respect for woman, and respect follows worth, the American Republic will live. This I know, that if the mothers of the nation are good and pure, the sons of the nation will be strong and free.

'Woman! Empire is in thy hand. Lead forth from beyond the mountains, from the far Pacific, out of the virgin bosom of the peerless West, the Young States, and they will come to our Union, as mighty as our own, without a canker to consume their youth, without a cloud to darken their destiny.

'Power in arms or song or eloquence has made man immortal. His very origin enshrined the muse of MILTON. Woman's is greater than his. Man was made of the dust of earth; woman out of the image of God. She is supreme in good or evil. Did not CLEOPATRA lead captive conquerors? Who but EVE could have destroyed Paradise, where day was ecstatic joy, and night came as the approach of gentle music; where the couch was the fragrant embrace of flowers; where the rich, luscious grape fell without the wooing; where the very mountains arose in their sublimity to extend their shade over man's repose? Though the chosen 'angel' of the 'Destroyer,' still her name is stamped on the Decalogue: 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'

'What eloquence so exquisite as RUTH's: 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God?'

'In song, who more impassioned than SAPPHO? in prophecy, who more inspiring than MIRIAM, with harp and timbrel, by the shores of the sounding sea?

'Her destiny over-shadows man's; his fate trembles in hers. NAPOLEON tore from its heaven his morning-star, JOSEPHINE, and St. Helena, in retribution, arose in the ocean.

'Did not MARY, the mother of WASHINGTON, fashion his great mind, and breathe her stainless purity into his greater heart?

'More eloquent than tongue can tell, more glorious than pen can write, are the simple words, mother, daughter, sister, wife! 'Mother!' how sweet from the lips of the gleeful girl, how holy from the trembling voice of age! To the dying captive, to the bleeding soldier, to the great man, to the malefactor on the scaffold, thy name, 'Mother,' comes radiant with the light of young Eden-days!

'Wife' is thy better self; 'sister,' thy loveliest peer; 'daughter,' sun-shine dancing on thy knee.

'In heathen mythology, Jove was the parent of wisdom — that sprang a goddess al create from his immortal mind. In Christian religion, the VIRGIN was the mother of our LORD!

'Woman has ever been divine; with the ancients, the symbol of plenty, of beauty, of purity, and wisdom — MINERVA, all perfect; CERES, with her sheaf of wheat; DIANA, with her bended bow; VENUS, arising from the crowning foam of the great sea. With us of the New Testament, she has been chosen as wife and daughter for the expression of miracle — at the marriage-feast, when the water blushed to wine, and when HE bade the daughter of JAIRUS arise and walk. 'Faith, Hope, and Charity abideth' most in her who touched but the hem of His garment and was made whole, and in the widow who, with her mite, gave most to her LORD.

'Yes, woman is divine. How many orisons ascend to thee, Virgin MARY! Woman is divine even in her fall. Do you not remember that our holy LORD bowed to the earth, wrote upon the sand, and would not even look up to her shame, her degradation, or her punishment?'

The ladies owe their orator a medal! - - - THERE goes the *Armenia* along the Tappaan-Zee, bound for the metropolis. It is scarcely half-past two in the afternoon, and she has come from Albany this morning, passing all the grand and beautiful scenery of the Hudson. She has been put in perfect order for a day-boat; her table is supplied with every luxury of the season, and Captain COCHRAN, who commands her, is a gentleman who 'each particular of his duty knows.' A more delightful sail than a trip up the Hudson in these genial days could hardly be conceived of. There is nothing like it elsewhere. - - - It is not 'Mr. J. M. MULLIGAN,' but Mr. J. MAC-MULLEN, who writes, in the present number, the interesting paper entitled, '*Boating down the Alleghany.*' Our readers and contemporaries will please note the correction. - - - Our cordial thanks are due, and cordially tendered, to our friend 'GEORGE' of 'Killawang,' for his gratifying Tribute, '*To Old Knick.*' He has not only closely followed the manner, but has imbibed the spirit of his brother-bard, ROBERT BURNS. - - - MR. EVART A. DUYCKINCK delivered lately a very interesting address before the Historical Society of this city, upon the *History and Writings of Philip Freneau*. The story of his varied life is replete with incident, and his poetry, from which several quotations are made, was remarkable for the period in which it was written. MR. DUYCKINCK's address received the undivided attention of a crowded and gratified audience. - - - WE are glad to perceive that 'Meister KARL' is about to publish a volume of the sketches which have appeared in these pages and elsewhere under that *nom de plume*. Our readers know what they are, and what a pleasant book they will make. What with translating HEINE, fulfilling the duties of the office of *Aid-de-camp* to Governor POLLOCK, of Pennsylvania, (hats off to 'Colonel' LELAND!) and editing his new volume, our friend 'KARL' will have his hands full. But he don't care. - - - 'ALAS, what have we do?' as CHAUCER says. Here we are, at the end of our last 'form,' with four close pages of 'Gossipry,' containing several matters which we had *promised*, and others for which we had *wished*, insertion, all crowded out by the Title-Page and Index to the present volume; *necessities*, which we had never seen nor thought of, until the proof was laid before us, as 'closing the form.' Sorry — sorry; but it cannot be helped now. *Next* month, therefore, must make amends: unnoticed books; town and summer resorts; 'good things' from good friends, and 'bad' things from stranger-correspondents — all 'bide their time.' Look out for our next: the first number of our *Forty-Sixth Volume!*